

THE  
**MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:**  
 OR,  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM**  
 OF  
*KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.*

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No. VI.]      FOR JUNE, 1794.      [Vol. VI.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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 MDCCXCIV.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Rape on Scottish Poetry*," very acceptable.

The "*Moral Instructor, No. I.*" destitute of the precision and neatness necessary to please and improve.

Our Portland correspondent is thanked for his polite communication: His hint shall be observed.

Our new poetic correspondent, "*Serena*," is respectfully thanked for her late communication. Her further correspondence is solicited, and with pleasure anticipated.

*Lavinia's* complaint is well founded.—It is as impolite as unjust, to deceive the public by the assumption of appropriate signatures. The author of the lines addressed to "*The Village Lark*," published in our last number, is requested to appear without disguise. Original merit need not seek additional lustre from a stolen signature.

Our fair correspondent, "*Anna*," is requested to furnish us with another copy of the poetry which she lately sent us, the former one being by some accident mislaid.

"*The General Observer*," came too late for publication this month. It shall appear in our next number: His request shall then be attended to.

"*Wisdom's Dictates*," are received—most of them have our warmest approbation; but some refer to a doctrine that has occasioned great dispute in the Christian world: It is our wish to avoid all controversies on subjects of divinity.

"*Funeral Oration*," under consideration.

We are much flattered by a respectable number of periodical writers; but to give room for occasional pieces, we are constrained to mention the necessity of *Brevity*.

We are necessitated to defer the remainder of the *Essay on the Conduct of a Young Lady during Courtship*, until next month.—Several pieces, transcribed for our Magazine, do honour to the taste that selected them.

### PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

June.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachus. State Notes.	U.S.B. Shares.	Massachus. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents Int. on Loan Off. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emillion Money.	O. Emil. Mo.
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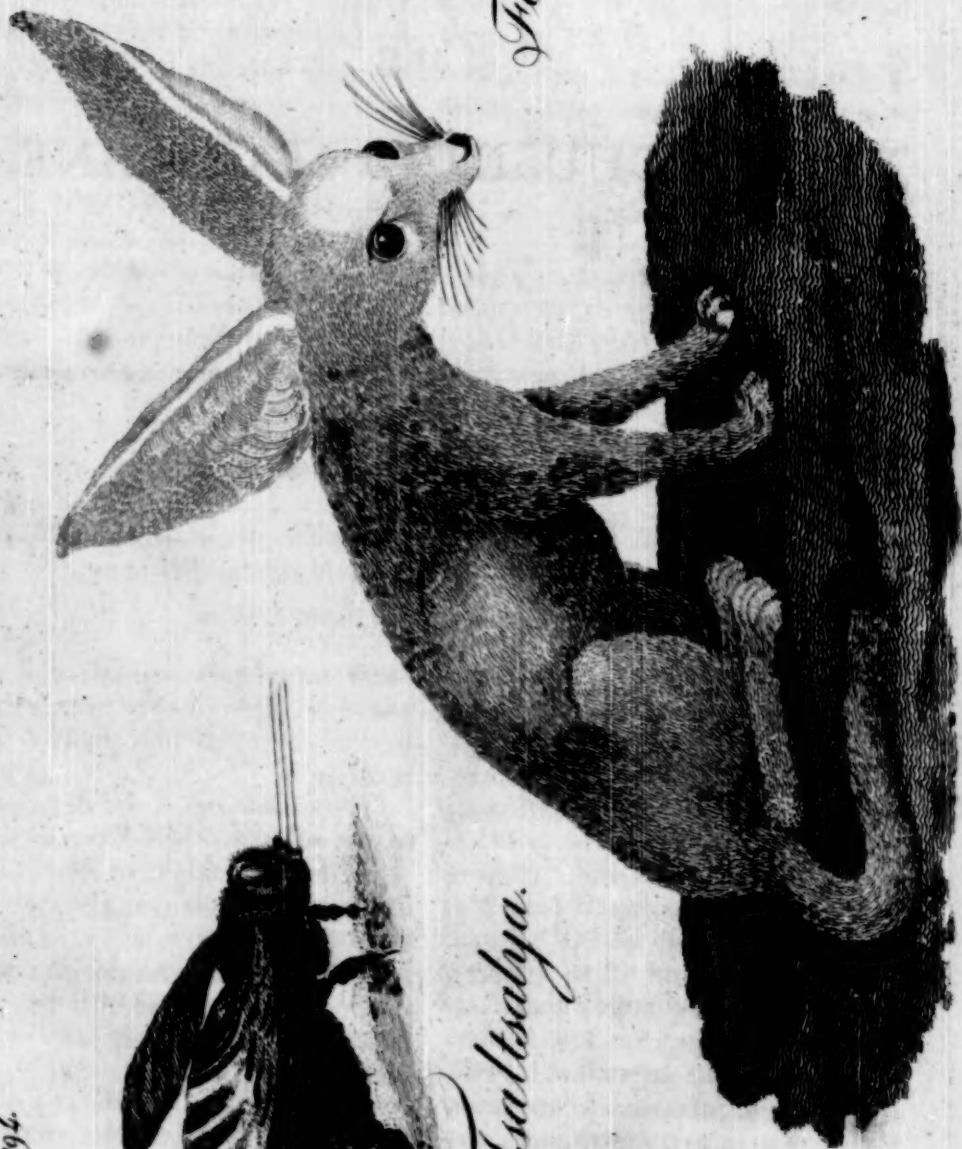




Masha Mag. 1794.



*Tsaltsalya.*



*Fennec.*





THE  
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR JUNE, 1794.

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FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of the *TSALTSALYA*, or *FLY*; and the *FENNEC*, an  
Animal but little known in Natural History.

Accompanied with an Engraving of each.

*TSALTSALYA.*

**T**HE insect which we have before us is a proof how fallacious it is to judge by appearances. If we consider its small size, its weakness, want of variety or beauty, nothing in the creation is more contemptible and insignificant. Yet passing from these to his history, and to the account of his powers, we must confess the very great injustice we do him from want of consideration. We are obliged, with the greatest surprize, to acknowledge, that those huge animals, the elephant, rhinoceros, the lion, and the tiger, inhabiting the same woods, are still vastly his inferiors, and that the appearance of this small insect, nay, his very sound, though he is not seen, occasions more tripudiation, movement, and disorder, both in the human, and brute creation, than would whole herds of

these monstrous animals collected together, though their number was in tenfold proportion greater than it really is." *Bruce.*

The following is the description of this insect by Mr. *Harris.*

"The *Tsaltfalya*, or *Zimb*, is in size very little larger than a bee, of a thicker proportion, and its wings, which are broader, are placed separate like those of a fly. Its head is large; the upper jaw, or lip, is sharp, and has at the end of it a strong pointed hair of about a quarter of an inch in length; the lower jaw has two of these hairs: And this pencil of hairs, joined together, makes a resistance to the finger nearly equal to that of a strong hog's bristle. Its legs are ferrated in the inside, and the whole covered with brown hair, or down. It has no sting, though it appears to be of the bee kind.

"As

"As soon as this winged assassin appears, and his buzzing is heard, the cattle forsake their food, and run wildly about the plain till they die, worn out with affright, fatigue, and pain.

"The inhabitants of Melinda down to cape Gardesfan, to Saba, and the south coast of the Red Sea, are obliged to put themselves in motion, and remove to the next sand in the beginning of the rainy season. This is not a partial emigration; the inhabitants of all the countries, from the mountains of Abyssinia northward, to the confluence of the Nile and Astaboras, are, once in a year, obliged to change their abode, and seek protection in the sands of Beja, till the danger of the insect is over. The elephant and rhinoceros, which, by reason of their enormous bulk, and the vast quantity of food and water they daily need, cannot shift to desert and dry places, are obliged in order to resist the zimb, to roll themselves in mud and mire, which, when dry, coats them over like armour."

#### FENNEC.

THE Fennec is a beautiful African animal, which has lately excited the curiosity of naturalists. Mr. Bruce examined one with great accuracy at Algiers: The following is his description of it.

"From the snout to the anus he was about ten inches long, his tail five inches and a quarter, near an inch on the tip of it was black. From the front of his fore shoulder to the point of his fore toes, was two inches and 7-8ths. He was two inches and a half from his occiput to the point of his nose, the length of his ears three inches and 3-8ths. These were doubled or had a plate on the bottom on the outside; the borders of his ears in the inside

were thick-cover'd with soft white hair, but the middle part was bare, and of a pink or rose colour. They were about an inch and an half broad, and the cavities within very large. It was very difficult to measure these, for he was very impatient at having his ears touched, and always kept them erect, unless when terrified by a cat. The pupil of his eye was large and black, surrounded by a deep blue iris. He had strong, thick mustachoes; the tip of his nose very sharp, black and polished. His upper jaw reached beyond the lower, and had four grinders on each side of the mouth. It has six fore teeth in each jaw. Those in the under jaw are smaller than the upper. The canine, or cutting teeth, are long, large, and exceedingly pointed. His legs are small, and his feet very broad; he has four toes armed with crooked, black, sharp claws; those on his fore feet more crooked and sharp than behind. All his body is nearly of a dirty white, bordering on a cream colour; the hair of his belly rather whiter, softer, and longer than the rest, and on it a number of paps, but he was so impatient it was impossible to count them. He very seldom extended or stiffened his tail, the hair of which was harder. He had a very shy and wily appearance. But as he is a solitary animal, and not gregarious, as he has no particular mark of feebleness about him, no shift, or particular cunning which might occasion Solomon to qualify him as wise; as he builds his nest upon trees, and not on the rock, he cannot be the saphan of the scripture, as some, both Jews and Arabians, not sufficiently attentive to the qualities attributed to that animal, have nevertheless erroneously imagined."

**A short ACCOUNT of an EXCURSION through the SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN at PARIS. By Mr. THOMAS WHITE, Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, &c. &c. in a Letter to his Father.**

[From "Memoirs of the Philosophical Society of Manchester."]

PARIS, July 29, 1784.

**I** YESTERDAY visited a most extraordinary subterranean Cavern, commonly called the Quarries. But before I give you the history of my expedition it will perhaps be necessary to say a few words concerning the *observatoire royal*, the place of descent into this very remarkable cavern. This edifice is situated in the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, in the highest part of the city. It takes its name from its use, and was built by Louis XIV. in 1667, after the design of Claude Perrault, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and first architect to his Majesty. It serves for the residence of mathematicians, appointed by the King, to make observations, and improve astronomy. The mode of building it is ingenious, and admirably contrived, it being so well arched that neither wood nor iron are employed in its construction. All the stones have been well chosen, and placed with an uniformity and equality which contribute much to the beauty and solidity of the whole edifice. It is reckoned to be about eighty or ninety feet in height, and at the top there is a beautiful platform, paved with flint stones, which commands an excellent view of Paris, and its environs. In the different floors of this building, there are a number of trap doors, placed perpendicularly over each other, and, when these are opened, the stars may be very clearly distinguished, from the bottom of the cave, at noon day.

At this place I was introduced to one of the inspectors (persons appointed by the King to superintend the workmen) by my friend Mr. Smeathman, who had used great application and interest for permission to inspect the quarry, and had been fortunate enough to obtain it. For as this cavern is extended under a great part of

the city of Paris, and leaves it in some places almost entirely without support, the inspectors are very particular as to shewing it, and endeavour to keep it as secret as possible, lest, if it should get generally known, it might prove a source of uneasiness and alarm to the inhabitants above. For, what is very remarkable, notwithstanding the extent of this quarry, and the apparent danger many parts of the city are in from it, few, even of those who have constantly resided at Paris, are at all acquainted with it, and on my mentioning the expedition I was going to undertake to several of my Parisian friends, they ridiculed me upon it, and told me it was impossible there could be any such place.

About nine o'clock in the morning we assembled to the number of forty, and, with each a wax candle in his hand, precisely at ten o'clock, descended, by steps, to the depth of three hundred and sixty feet perpendicular. We had likewise a number of guides with torches, which we found very useful; but, even with these assistants, we were several times under the necessity of halting, to examine the plans the inspectors keep of these quarries, that we might direct our course in the right road. I was disappointed in not being able to obtain one of these plans, which would have given the clearest idea of this most extraordinary place. At the entrance, the path is narrow for a considerable way; but soon we entered large and spacious streets, all marked with names, the same as in the city; different advertisements and bills were found, as we proceeded, pasted on the walls, so that it had every appearance of a large town swallowed up in the earth.

The



The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet; but in some parts not less than thirty, and even forty. In many places, there is a liquor continually dropping from it, which congeals immediately, and forms a species of transparent stone, but not so fine and clear as rock crystal. As we continued our peregrination, we thought ourselves in no small danger from the roof, which we found but indifferently propped in some places with wood much decayed. Under the houses, and many of the streets, however, it seemed to be tolerably secured by immense stones set in mortar; in other parts, where there are only fields or gardens above, it was totally unsupported for a considerable space, the roof being perfectly level, or a plane piece of rock.

After traversing about two miles, we again descended about twenty steps, and here found some workmen, in a very cold and damp place, propping up a most dangerous part, which they were fearful would give way, every moment. We were glad to give them money for some drink, and make our visit at this place as short as possible. The path here is not more than three feet in width, and the roof so low, that we were obliged to stoop considerably.

By this time, several of the party began to repent of their journey, and were much afraid of the damp and cold air we frequently experienced. But, alas! there was no retreating.

On walking some little distance farther, we entered into a kind of salon, cut out of the rock, and said to be exactly under the *Eglise de St. Jacques*. This was illuminated with great taste, occasioned an agreeable surprize, and made us all ample amends for the danger and difficulty we had just before gone through. At one end, was a representation in miniature of some of the principal forts in the Indies, with the fortifications, draw bridges, &c. Cannons were planted, with a couple of soldiers to each, ready to fire. Centinels were placed in different parts of the gar-

rison, particularly before the Governor's house; and a regiment of armed men was drawn up in another place, with their general in the front. The whole was made up of a kind of clay which the place affords, was ingeniously contrived, and the light that was thrown upon it, gave it a very pretty effect.

On the other side of this hall, was a long table set out with cold tongues, bread and butter, and some of the best Burgundy I ever drank. Now every thing was hilarity and mirth; our fears were entirely dispelled, and the danger we dreaded, the moment before, was now no longer thought of. In short, we were all in good spirits again, and proceeded on our journey about two miles further, when our guides judged it prudent for us to ascend, as we were then got to the steps which lead up to the town. We here found ourselves safe, at the *Val de Grace*, near to the English benedictine convent, without the least accident having happened to any one of the party. We imagined we had walked about two French leagues, and were absent from the surface of the earth, betwixt four and five hours.

After we had thanked the inspectors and guides for their very great civility, politeness, and attention, we took our leave to visit the English benedictine convent, in whose court yard, and within a few yards of their house, the roof of the subterraneous passage had given way, and fallen in, the depth of one hundred and ninety three feet.

Though there were some little danger attending our rash expedition (as some people were pleased to term it) yet it was most exceedingly agreeable, and so perfectly a *nouvelle scene*, that we were all highly delighted, and thought ourselves amply repaid for our trouble.

I regretted much that I did not take a thermometer and barometer down with me, that I might have had an opportunity of making some remarks, on the temperature and weight of the air. Certainly, however,

However, it was colder at this time than on the surface of the earth. But Mr. Smeathman informed me, that when he descended the last winter, in the long and hard frost, he found the air much more temperate than above ground, but far from being warm. Neither, however, had he a thermometer with him. I lamented too that I had not time to make more remarks on the petrefactions, &c.

Mr. Smeathman observed, that when he descended, he found a very sensible difficulty of breathing in some of the passages and caverns, where the superincumbent rock was low, and the company crowded. This no doubt was much increased by the number of persons and of wax lights, but he does not apprehend that the difficulty would have been so great in rooms of equal dimensions above ground. We remarked too, when we descended, that there was, in some degree, an oppression of respiration throughout the whole passage.

There were formerly several openings into the quarries, but the two I have mentioned, viz. the *Observatory* and the *Val de Grace*, are, I believe, the only ones left; and these the inspectors keep constantly locked, and rarely open them, except to strangers particularly introduced, and to workmen who are always employed in some part by the King.

The Police thought it a necessary precaution to secure all the entrances into this cavern, from its having been formerly inhabited by a famous gang of robbers, who infested the country for many miles round the city of Paris.

As to the origin of this quarry, I could not, on the strictest inquiry, learn any thing

satisfactory; and the only account I know published, is contained in the *Tableaux de Paris Nouvelle édition, tom premier, chapitre 5me. page 12me.*

“ For the first building of Paris, is was  
“ necessary to get the stone in the envi-  
“ rons, and the consumption of it was very  
“ considerable. As Paris was enlarged,  
“ the suburbs were insensibly built on the  
“ ancient quarries, so that, all you see  
“ without is essentially wanting in the  
“ earth, for the foundation of the city:  
“ Hence proceed the frightful cavities,  
“ which are at this time found under the  
“ houses in several quarters. They stand  
“ upon abysses. It would not require a  
“ very violent shock to throw back the  
“ stones to the place, from whence they  
“ have been raised with so much difficul-  
“ ty. Eight men being swallowed up  
“ in a gulph one hundred and fifty feet  
“ deep, and some other less known acci-  
“ dents, excited at length the vigilance of  
“ the Police and the government, and, in  
“ fact, the buildings of several quarters  
“ have been privately propped up; and  
“ by this means, a support given to these  
“ obscure subterraneous places, which  
“ they before wanted.

“ All the suburbs of St. James's, Harp  
“ street, and even the street of Tournon,  
“ stand upon the ancient quarries; and  
“ pillars have been erected to support the  
“ weight of the houses. What a subject  
“ for reflections, in considering this great  
“ city formed, and supported by means  
“ absolutely contrary! These towers, these  
“ steeples, the arched roofs of these tem-  
“ ples, are so many signs to tell the eye,  
“ that what we now see in the air, is  
“ wanting under our feet.”

## A N E C D O T E.

**D**URING the late war between Great Britain and America, when draughts were made from the militia to recruit the continental

army, a particular Capt. gave liberty to the men who were draughted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against

against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the Captain, and made his bow. "What is your objection?" said the Capt. I ca-a-nt go, answers the man, because I st-st-flutter. "Stutter," says the Capt.—"You don't go there to tattle but to fight." Ay, but they will p-p-put me upon g-g-guard, and a man

may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say wh-wh-who goes there? "Oh, that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you, and he can challenge if you can fire." Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the bo bo-body, before I can say qu-qu-quar-ter. This last plea prevailed, and the Capt. out of humanity (laughing very heartily) dismissed him.

## TWO CHARACTERS.

YOU have doubtless observed, in the course of your acquaintance with the world, two characters equally opposite, and equally disagreeable—I mean the overfond, and the brutal husband;—the Fondlewife and the Crabtree of matrimony.

I was in company the other evening, where those two characters met, and formed such a striking contrast, as could not fail attracting the attention of all present. Mr. Fondlewife sat the whole evening next his *cara sposa*, and was incessantly squeezing her hand, and saying: "My angel, how do you do? my life, I fear you are not well: Shall I get you some hartshorn drops or some salts? Come, my lamb, I think you look a little better;" then giving her a kiss, "I hope you will recover," or "shall I order you a chaise?"

Such a fulsome dialogue, or rather soliloquy, with its accompaniments, was completely disgusting; but not quite so insupportable as the behaviour of Mr. Crabtree, who sat directly opposite in every sense to Mr. Fondlewife. Whenever Mrs. Crabtree began to speak, he interrupted her with "hold your tongue, you fool; don't expose yourself." When she endeavour-

ed to go on, in saying, "pray Mr. Crabtree, give me leave to tell my story," he would immediately vociferate—"Oh d—n such stories as yours! they are all alike, and not worth listening to." "But, Mr. Crabtree, I don't want you to listen," she would reply; "I was speaking to this lady." "Was you?" said Mr. Crabtree, "I am very sorry for it; but that lady has too much sense to hearken to your nonsense."

Then poor Mrs. Crabtree was silenced, and her husband, as usual, obtained his triumph.

Such characters, I know, sir, are often to be met with; but they are seldom so completely contrasted in the same groupe, which rendered this event the more remarkable, and made me conclude, if the Fondlewives and the Crabtrees were not equally reprehensible, they were at least equally ridiculous.

How naturally the judicious reader will draw the following conclusion: That the happy medium is to be devoutly aimed at, and that the incessantly fond spouse, and the perpetually snarling spouse, should be held up as beacons to married men, to avoid Charibdis, and not split on Scylla.

[*Lady's Mag.*



## ON BEAUTY.

"Noris quam elegans formarum spectator siem. TER.

**M**Y design is not to inquire into the nature and effects of beauty, but only to point out such qualifications as are necessary to make it truly amiable, and without which it is rather a disgrace than an ornament to the person possessed of it.

The first of these is virtue. This, I think is absolutely necessary in all persons of every age and condition to make them agreeable, and recommend them to our esteem and approbation. A handsome courtesan is a very mean and contemptible creature: The beauty of her face, instead of excusing her folly, adds to the deformity of her character; and whosoever is acquainted with the one, can take but little pleasure in the other. If she has received any advantages from nature or education, her abuse of these tends to aggravate her guilt, and render her more odious and disagreeable. In short, the most celebrated lady in the land, that has lost her innocence, will appear no less unamiable than the meanest oyster-wench.

The second necessary qualification is modesty, by which I understand, not barely such a modest deportment as becomes all persons of either sex alike, but withal a certain graceful bashfulness, which is the peculiar ornament and characteristic of the fair sex. There is a degree of boldness very allowable and even commendable in a man, which is quite unnatural in a woman: In the one it denotes courage, in the other an impertinent assurance and haughtiness. The more feminine softness and beauty any one has in her countenance, the more insufferable is her masculine behaviour: Her good qualities (if she has any)

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B

will be generally unobserved, seldom approved of, and never commended: and though in all other respects she may be completely amiable, yet, for want of a becoming modesty, she will appear completely disagreeable.

The third thing requisite is good sense; beauty without this is insipid; and however it may raise our compassion, it can never make us admire the possessor of it. Her very looks will betray her weakness: Her languishing airs and forced smiles give us a disgust to the most exquisite features and the fairest complexion; and when once she begins to speak, her charms vanish in an instant. To be pleased with the beauty of a fool is a mark of the greatest folly.

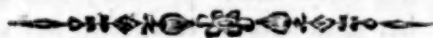
After good sense comes good nature: which is as graceful to the mind as beauty is to the body. It makes virtue appear in the most amiable light, and adds a lustre to every other good quality. It gives the finishing stroke, if I may so say to a handsome face, and spreads such an engaging sweetness over it, as no art can equal, nor any words describe. On the other hand the frowns of ill-nature disgrace the finest countenance; not even the wrinkles of old age can make it so homely and deformed. A scold, though ever so handsome, is universally hated and avoided; the very sight of her is odious, and her company intolerable.

I shall mention but one more qualification, requisite to make beauty amiable, and that is good breeding. As a precious stone, when unpolished, appears rough; so beauty without good-breeding, is awkward and unpleasing. Nature indeed

Indeed is at all times the same; but does not discover its beauty till refine and improved by art. A genteel behaviour, though it cannot alter the shape and complexion of a fine woman, is however, necessary to make them agreeable: virtue, modesty, good sense, and good nature will signify but little without it. It is not sufficient, that a woman have good features and a handsome person, unless she know how to shew them off to the best advantage; nor will the finest accomplishments make her completely agreeable, unless they be properly improved by a good education, and appear conspicuous in a polite behaviour.

Every man of sense and taste will, I believe, allow the necessity of the qualifications above mentioned, to make beauty truly amiable; and that notwithstanding they all equally contribute to effect this, yet if one of them only be wanting, the others will have but little power without it.

How inexpressibly amiable must that person be, in whom all these qualifications are united, whose countenance bespeaks the most untainted virtue; whose looks are full of the most engaging modesty; from whose eyes good sense and good nature dart their enlivening rays, and whose whole behaviour is a perfect pattern of good breeding.



## The SPECULATOR. No. III.

[A British Periodical Work.]

*Auditis? An me laudat amabilis*

*Infamia? Audire, et videor pios*

*Errare per lucos, amant*

*Quos et aquae subeunt et auræ.*

HORATIUS,

Hark! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear!

Or does a pleasing frenzy charm my ear?

Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath

From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe. FRANCIS.

**T**o contrast his subjects, to intermingle poetry and prose, the flights of fancy with the sober dictates of criticism and philosophy, hath ever been a favourite idea of the Speculator. And although it be true, that of the many whom ambition has led to claim the attributes of the Poet, few have been able to appreciate their own merit, to distinguish the flattery of inclination from the impulse of genius; yet desirous to add novelty to his plan, to arrest the censure of uniformity, and give vigour to the efforts of

more elaborate composition, the Speculator now comes forward, and will occasionally continue to do so, in a poetic dress.

### ODE to FANCY.

WARM the tinge of eve's soft ray,  
Smote by the crimson-setting sun,  
Down the rock's rough craggy way,  
Wildly the bursting waters run.

Sunk in silence sleeps the stream,  
Smooth on the moss-declining bed,  
Clear as Luna's silver beam;  
On starl'd Midnight's bosom fled.

Thro'

Thro' the shade the orb of day  
O'er yonder gold-tipt distant hill,  
Flings his rich, romantic ray  
Athwart the deep reflecting rill.

Where the wood's brown branches meet,  
Nigh where the haunted waters play,  
Rapt in airy vision sweet,  
Thus, thus, I pour the votive lay.

O nymph, of boundless pow'r possess'd  
To light the Poet's youthful breast,  
To bid the fire-clad thought arise  
And dare to claim its native skies,  
That lov'st to roam the lonely waste,  
Mid Tadmor's falling domes to stray;  
Or on wild Teneriffe's summit plac'd  
With Fiction wake the tuneful lay,  
O quick descend, support the strain,  
Thro' all the theme unbounded reign  
And pierce the depths of thought,  
Whether from Horror's thrilling store,  
From Nature's scenes, or Magic's lore  
The lov'd idea be brought.

O tell me from what air-crown'd sleep,  
Thou view'st the world of waters deep,  
And listen'st to the howling wave  
That beats the shell-hung dripping cave,  
Or on what rock's wild-clifted side,  
Mid storm and tempest you reside;  
Say, do thy footsteps ever fail  
To tread the lone and devious vale,  
Or thro' the mould'ring Gothic pile  
To pace the damp-hung cloister'd aisle?  
O tell me where at purple dawn  
To taste the dewy breath of morn;  
Or where at eve's brown dusky ray,  
Thou wost the woodland wild to stray.  
Perchance nigh some green cottage led,  
Where rose and woodbine form thy bed,  
Where round thee sporting, warblers fly,  
And pour forth all their melody.

O come, let's seek the flow'ry vale  
Where breathes the balmy perfum'd gale,  
Where winds the silver stream along,  
Thro' the green grove her murmuring  
song.  
Or where, thou wild untutor'd maid!  
Beneath the close-embowering shade  
Of autumn's rich-clad oak,

Beyond the torrent interpos'd,  
Thou see'st steep pendient rocks disclos'd  
Thick hung with mossy cloaks.

O deign to tread the dewy lawn  
What time the blaze of day withdrawn  
Eve's milder beam comes on,  
When the gray cloud's tipt with gold,  
When the am'rous tale is told  
The moon-lov'd green upon;  
Ah then we'll sing of melting charms,  
How, sighing soft, the virgin warms  
Within the folding youth;  
How the bosom, white as snow,  
How the cheek's sweet roseate glow,  
And eye's fond languish tell the tender  
truth.

Should fate condemn to rove obscure  
This devious vale terrene,  
Yet shall the deep-fraught gloom allure  
But thou frequent the scene,  
E'en on that dismal desert shore  
Where rules the wintry storm;  
Eternal on whose mountain hoar  
Sits Winter's awful form:  
There should thy gentle shade appear,  
Mild would the tempest blow,  
With bloom would blush the kindling  
year,  
And soft the streamlet flow.  
With thee, I'd roam the blasted heath;  
Where the fork'd lightning's red with  
death,  
And the bellying thunder rolls,  
Where substantial darkness reigns,  
Where sorrowing sad the storm complains,  
And wild afar the deep-vex'd ocean howls.

But turn we where yon ivy'd tow'r  
Woven by Time's swift fleeting hour,  
Hangs o'er the deep retiring vale,  
There still the bard recounts the tale,  
Of high pil'd feast and pageantry,  
Of tournament and rivalry,  
Of hall that shook with sudden sound  
Of mirthful peers assembled round,  
Of princely damsels' lovely mien  
That grac'd the gay enlivening scene,  
While loud the minstrel gan to sing,  
And warbling swept the lyric string;

Now



Now 'neath the moon's cool streamy light,  
That breaks between the clouds of night,  
When the deep blast loud-screaking bears  
On its pale wings the dead of years,  
Blue-shielded warriors flath along,  
Oft seen yon age-struck walls among,  
Arms clash, as intermits the storm,  
And frowning floats th' unfinish'd form.  
O thou, the nymph of daring thought!  
Who Nature's lonely voice hast taught  
To breathe the sweet conceptive strain,  
And boast amid her sylvan train,  
Each gentle, and each lofty muse,  
Quick thro' my breast thy warmth diffuse,  
And deck my early, artless lay  
With thy bold rich creative ray;

Fain would I think thy genial pow'r,  
Oft deigns to bless my studious hour,  
For frequent nigh yon rushing stream  
On which the moon's pale beauties gleam  
I've seen thy lovely form;  
And e'en beneath the bursting storm,  
Oft listen'd yon wild woods among  
To the deep raptures of thy heav'nly song.  
Come then, nor thou the lay refuse,  
To thee I lead the trembling muse,  
Long may the bard adorn thy shrine,  
Long may thou prompt the tuneful Nine,  
And be thy charms to me but giv'n,  
I grasp the poets airy heav'n.

N.

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For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

On SENSIBILITY of MIND, and the Misfortune of having  
TASTE and GENIUS, without the Means of Gratification  
or Exertion.

THESE subjects have engaged the pens of several distinguished authors. Knox, in one of his elegant essays, has treated largely on the first subject, viz. Sensibility of Mind, and the other is the subject of one of Shennstone's beautiful poems, who was certainly the fittest of any person to engage in the undertaking, as himself remains a sad instance of the misfortune of having Taste and Genius, without the necessary means of gratification. His genius, in fact, exerted itself in the sweetest manner, but in a great measure to shew his own unhappiness in being possessed of an exquisite taste, which his circumstances would not permit to be indulged.

I wish to make a few observations on these subjects, wherein I must beg leave to differ from Mr. Knox in several particulars.—He says, "the anguish of the sympathetic heart is keen, but no less exalted

are its gratifications;" and therefore he concludes that the want of sensibility ought to be looked upon as a curse inflicted upon those to whose lot it falls. A total want of sensibility would indeed be a very brutal and unenviable situation; but this is not the portion of any human being who is possessed of the light of reason. What is generally intended by the want of sensibility, is a privation of that quickness of perception and feeling which belongs to genius, and a delicate construction of nerves; but not a total apathy to those objects and events which naturally awaken the passions. A person may have an excellent understanding coupled with a good heart, and yet may be possessed of a very scanty portion of sensibility. Mr. Knox, in his observation above, should have taken into consideration the pleasures and pains which affect the mind of sensibility

sibility through life. He should then have cast them into separate scales, and seen which would preponderate. For it appears to me past all dispute, that let our worldly situation be ever so eligible and independent, yet the pains of this life, when set against its pleasures, are as 99 to a hundred; and those minds that are the most susceptible of pleasure or pain, will in the greatest degree feel this disproportion. Doubtless a great share of this world's goods form an admirable defence against the numerous injuries which assail the sensible mind, as they are the means of procuring all the pleasures which life presents, and of insuring us the good treatment of our fellow men in general. But how few persons are there with this excellent resource, who at the same time stand in need of it for that purpose. The sons of fortune are oftener than not the sons of hard heartedness and insensibility. These feel not, nor regard the sufferings and poverty which are too often the lot of virtue, genius, and sensibility. The sons of genius and taste—these—these are the ones to whom sensibility is a curse, as far as the keenest miseries which this

life furnish, can be called a curse. What can be supposed greater wretchedness than that which genius feels, when it is obliged humbly to solicit a morsel of food from that world which perceives its superiority, and acknowledges its excellence? Ah! then may genius in bitterness of soul envy the senseless beggar, who sings along the streets, neither feeling nor perceiving his own wretchedness, nor that of others.

A thousand things goad and torment the sensible mind, which are wholly unknown to the rest of the world; and it feels a dart in every unkind word or look. It trembles at the very idea of guilt, and is keenly wounded when its innocence is in the smallest degree suspected.

Genius, taste and sensibility, with all the favours of fortune and wealth, would hardly become objects of warm desire; but when deprived of this last resource, so far from being wished for as blessings, they ought to be devoutly deprecated as the most fruitful source of every evil and misery with which human life abounds.

BLANDULUS.

### An Extraordinary ADVENTURE of SPANISH SOLDIER.

**B**EING at Milan, in my way to Venice, I hired a guide and a horse, and set off on horseback, but finding myself fatigued with riding I sent forwards the guide to a certain village, and embarked on the canal; but the villain deceived me; for on my arrival at the village, I found neither guide nor horse; so that I was obliged to continue my journey on foot. After walking over the plains of Lombardy during

the whole day, I looked about me, and finding no place of accommodation, was on the point of throwing myself at the foot of a tree, extenuated with hunger and fatigue, when I observed at some distance, a cavalier bearing a falcon in his hand. Having joined me, he inquired if I was not a Spanish officer, and when I answered in the affirmative, he seemed to have anticipated the distress of my situation, and politely

ly added, "You have still a long way to go before you will find any inn;" and invited me to accompany him to a country-house in the neighbourhood, where he should be happy to accommodate me till the next morning. Although I was struck with an air of melancholy which was impressed on his countenance and gesture, yet necessity compelled me to accept his invitation, and I accompanied him without suspicion, to a large garden, but quite neglected and covered with weeds. As soon as we approached the door of the house several servants came out to receive us, but all with a mournful air and countenance, and without uttering a single word. The apartments were handsome and well proportioned, but corresponded in all things with the melancholy and chagrin of their possessor. So extraordinary an appearance could not fail of filling me with suspicion and alarm: The master in his turn never spoke to any of his servants, but gave his orders by signs, and with so singular an appearance as could not fail of filling me with the most serious alarms; but did not however prevent me from eating a hearty supper, which was served in a handsome saloon. Not a single word passed between the gentleman and myself; and I may venture to affirm, that silence was never better observed in a convent of Chartreuse. I was determined not to begin the conversation; for I always made it a rule to accommodate myself to circumstances, and in another's house, and with persons of superior rank, never shewed any curiosity in regard to family affairs: Whether they were gay or sorrowful, I always supposed they had reasons for being so, and was satisfied without making any impertinent inquiries. When the

supper was concluded and the servants retired, my companion sighed and groaned bitterly, and at length exclaimed in a low and mournful voice, "Happy those who are born in an obscure condition! they pass their lives well or ill without regarding what is said of them. The poor soldier, when he has mounted guard, retires to rest without a sigh, and the labourer, after the fatigues of the day returns contented to his humble cottage. But how different is it with those, who from their birth or fortune are exposed to the eyes of the public! they have as many judges of their actions as they have persons about them." Then turning to me, "I am willing, Sir," added he, "to appease in some measure my sorrow, by making you acquainted with the subject of it: not that I want friends to whom I could trust the most inmost sentiments of my heart, but rather because the secret which I am about to unfold is of such a nature that I prefer communicating it to a stranger than to those persons I see every day, and who would therefore become perpetual witnesses to my sorrow and confusion. For this reason not one of my domestics is acquainted with the subject of my affliction; and the chagrin and melancholy which you may have observed in them, is occasioned by the deplorable state in which they see me plunged, without being acquainted with the cause. I must inform you then, Sir, that I am abundantly provided with a good fortune, if riches were able to constitute happiness. My inclination never led me to frequent courts, or to solicit public employments. I love retirement and I followed the amusements of the country, such as agriculture, gardening, hawking, fishing,



fishing, and hunting, I kept a good table, was happy in receiving all strangers who passed this way, and who honoured me with their company; and I considered marriage as burdensome, and incompatible with my way of life. But who can avoid his destiny? One day as I was returning from hawking, with a falcon in my hand, I was suddenly struck with the sight of an object which made an indelible impression upon my heart. As I passed near the suburbs of Cremona, I espied at the gate of a garden, a most beautiful young woman; and when I attempted to address her, she retired into the garden and shut the door. Enchanted and inflamed with her beauty, I made immediate inquiries, and found that she was single, of a poor family, but extremely reserved and modest, and of an excellent character. After many ineffectual attempts to seduce her, in which I spared neither money nor intrigues, I was so pleased on finding an union of virtue and sense with so much beauty, that my love got the better of my pride, and notwithstanding the lowliness of her birth, I espoused her, and retired with her to this country house, where I experienced the most perfect happiness for several years without observing the least alteration in my sentiments or in her behaviour. Such was her affection for me, that on returning from hunting, I frequently observed her eyes bathed in tears, from the apprehension lest some accident might have arrived; and these sentiments of tenderness of which she gave every day the most convincing proofs, kept alive and redoubled my love. After having passed six years in this manner, my happiness was suddenly overturned by a trait of ingratitude which could only proceed from a

low-born wretch. Not far from my house there lived a man of a low birth and education, but who possessed some few talents which covered a multitude of bad qualities. He had some wit, and much vivacity, wrote occasionally copies of verses, played and sung tolerably well. As he was superior in understanding and acquirements to the villagers of his native place, I frequently sent for him to my house to keep me company, clothed him, admitted him to my table, and in a little time treated him with so much attention and friendship, that he considered my house as his own. He generally accompanied me in my hunting parties; and constantly continued with me till I returned in the afternoon. But since my marriage, he frequently pretended fatigue, rode back to my house, and took that opportunity of conversing with my wife. This mode of proceeding ought naturally to have rendered me suspicious, but his person prevented me from being alarmed. He was short, ill made, had bad teeth, and was extremely vulgar in his behaviour and manners. Although I was far from taking umbrage at a man of his appearance and character, yet more out of regard to decorum than for any other reason, I requested him not to quit my company and return home as he was accustomed to do. From that time, whenever I returned from hunting, there appeared about midnight, in the garden, a phantom which made all the dogs bark, and frightened every servant in the house. Although fatigued with my day's sport, I got out of bed, went into the garden in search of the phantom, and did not return till I had examined every part, but always to no purpose; and I always, observed that when I quitted my

my bed-chamber on this business, my wife never failed bolting the door in the inside, and never opened it when I returned, until she heard my voice; which she did, as she assured me, through dread of the ghost. The apparition made its appearance during several months; and I at length discovered, that whenever Cornelio quitted the hunt and returned home, the ghost never came on that night. At length one day, on returning from hunting when Cornelio had not left me, I commanded one of my servants to watch in the garden. About midnight the ghost made its appearance, and the dogs made a greater noise than usual. I immediately descended into the garden, and went straightway to the servant, whom I had commanded to watch. "Hift," said he as soon as I approached him: "the ghost is no other than your favourite Cornelio, who takes the opportunity, while you are descending to the garden, to steal into your apartment, and have an interview with your lady. I cannot pretend to say where or by what means he finds admittance, unless some spirit assists him. All that I know is that my account is true, and that I have long perceived this trick." I was so transported with passion at the discourse, that I seized the unfortunate wretch by the collar, and stabbing him several times with a dagger, "take that," I said, "to prevent you from divulging what you have seen, and this, for having so late acquainted me with my shame." I then dragged him into a cellar, and locking the door, returned slowly to my bed-chamber, that I might have time to calm my trouble, and appear as little agitated as possible. As soon as I came to the door I called out, and my

wife first demanding if it was not the ghost, did not let me in till she was fully convinced it was my voice. As it was impossible to conceal the emotions of my mind, my wife perceived that I was extremely agitated, "Good God! my dear," she exclaimed, "how you are changed and affected—what ails you! Cursed be this phantom and he who invented it, for having occasioned so much uneasiness both to you and myself." I dissembled as much as I could; assured that nothing was the matter with me, and got into bed. She then redoubled her caresses with a view to dissipate my trouble, with such an apparent sincerity as would almost have convinced me of her innocence. I did not close my eyes the whole night, but continued a prey to the bitterest reflections. At break of day I arose, and still hiding the chagrin which devoured me, I called Cornelio and my servants, took my dogs and my hawks, but had no sport with either during the whole day, which I considered as a bad omen. Towards the evening the traitor feigned an indisposition as an excuse for returning home; I desired him to tell my wife not to expect me that night, as I was going in pursuit of a falcon which had made its escape, and which I hoped to retake in the morning. Cornelio retired well satisfied with the commission, and left me in a dreadful state of embarrassment.

At the approach of night I got rid of my servants by sending them in pursuit of the strayed falcon; I rode towards my house; and when it was quite dark I entered into my garden through a private door, of which I had the key. I then went directly to the apartment of Cornelio, and opening the door found him not there, took up a lighted

lighted candle which stood upon the table, and passed into another room which communicated with his apartment, looking also every way to see if I could discover him. When I came to the extremity of this room, which led by a flight of steps into a hall, which was over my bed-chamber, I remarked a ladder placed against the wall, and just above it an opening large enough to admit a man, and which was partly covered by a picture of Titian, representing the adulterous commerce of Mars and Venus. Till that moment I had not given implicit belief to my extreme misery. Having removed the ladder, I ascended the staircase leading to my chamber, crying out with a loud voice, "open the door instantly." My wife did not keep me a moment in suspense, and at the same instant that she opened the door, I heard the traitor Cornelio making his escape, and falling from the opening into the hall below. I immediately reshut the door, ran down stairs, and found Cornelio with his two legs broken, and dragging himself along like a bull that is hamstrung. "Ah, traitor!" I exclaimed, "too forgetful of the benefits which I have heaped upon you—receive the reward of your ingratitude." I then plunged my dagger into his heart, and hung his body on the ladder which he had employed to betray me. From hence, transported with fury, I rushed into my wife's apartment, with a resolution to put her also to death; but at the first sight of her the poniard fell from my hands; and though I often attempted to stab her, the same involuntary emotions stopped my hands: I have never had power sufficient to wound that fascinating body, the charms of which suspend and overpower

*Vd. VI.*

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my just resentment. At length, finding the impossibility of completing my purpose, I determined to confine her in a kind of a sepulchre with the body of her minion. I accordingly tied her hands and feet; and having cut out the heart of her lover in her presence, I placed it between them, that she may always have in sight that heart which she so much loved. I dragged also to the same spot the body of the servant whom I stabbed, crying out, "Behold the witness of your crimes!" Since that I have frequently returned with a resolution of killing her; but always ineffectually; as I have never had courage sufficient to execute my intended purpose. I am now therefore determined to destroy her gradually with hunger and thirst; allowing her every day only half a pound of bread, and a little water. It is now fifteen days since she has not seen the light of the sun, nor heard a single word from me; nor has she uttered one herself, when I carry her the miserable pittance which just keeps soul and body together. It is only fifteen days, Sir, but fifteen days which appear to me fifteen thousand years, and I suffer worse than death fifteen thousand times a day. Such, Sir, is my deplorable state, which induces me to wish that I was in so low a situation as not to be accountable for my actions to the public; and that it could permit me to take shelter in some desert far from human society. Since I have thus opened to you my heart, and acquainted you with a secret, which I have not divulged to any other person, I shall most willingly convey to your eyes the fatal object which has so cruelly wounded mine, and with whom I can no longer hope to live." He had scarcely uttered these words, before



before he took up the candle and invited me to follow him. He led me across the garden, and opened the door of the cave which was the depository of all his misfortunes. I was instantly petrified at the sight of the most dreadful and affecting spectacle which human eyes ever beheld. Here a corpse pierced through and through with several strokes of a poniard lay extended on the ground; there another corpse hacked in pieces: The left side was entirely open, and the heart taken out was placed upon a board, under the eyes of the most lovely countenance ever formed by nature. And as if this sight of itself was not sufficiently affecting, the door was no sooner opened than the dogs of the house, who had followed us, ran immediately to their unfortunate mistress, and most affectionately licked her hands and face. This affecting sight had such an effect upon me, that I burst into tears, and even the husband himself seemed moved beyond expression. I seized this moment in which I saw him so affected, and though scarcely able to speak for my sobs and groans, "Hitherto Sir," I said, "I have listened to you in silence and without attempting to interrupt you; because I did not consider you in a situation to attend to me, and because I waited till you gave me permission to address you." "Well, Sir," replied he, "you are at liberty to speak, and I am ready to listen with attention to any thing you may think proper to say." Fortified as well by these words, as by the effect which his reviving tenderness had impressed upon his heart, I shook off all fear, and thus addressed him: "You acknowledge, Sir, that the first sight of your wife made an impression upon you which nothing has ever ef-

faced, and which nothing will ever be able to efface. I will not consider the foundation of this unhappy adventure; whether your suspicions are true or not, this much is certain, that you yourself have allowed it, that except myself, and these two wretches who here lie extended, and who are incapable of divulging the circumstances, no other person has ever been made privy to this dreadful affair. The death of those two men ensures the concealment of this unfortunate event. Behold your wife, still living; and perhaps she is innocent! All the ineffectual attempts you have made to put her to death, without the power of executing your fatal purpose, appear to me a kind of prejudice in her favour. I will not advance any other reasons, but pay attention to the tender compassion of those dumb animals, whom you see hovering round her, employed in flattering and caressing her." I ceased speaking, and while the husband appeared absorbed in doubt and agitation, his wife broke silence, and uttering with extreme difficulty a low and tremulous voice, as if it came from the bottom of a sepulchre, "No, Sir," she said, addressing herself to me, "do not ineffectually employ your time; I will not live, nor for all the blessings which this world can afford, would I again be induced to quit this horrible cavern, and come forth into day. But since you will never forget so extraordinary an event as this, and may probably relate it to others, I am happy in this opportunity of acquainting you with the truth, that you may neither on one side accuse my husband of cruelty, nor on the other charge me with an infamous crime which I never committed. These two men, whom you see, deserved their punishment;

punishment; the one, for having falsely related facts which he neither saw nor could see; the other, not for the crime which he committed, but for that which he would have committed, by attempting to deceive my husband, his benefactor, who had loaded him with benefits. I do not pretend to deny, that the wretch did sometimes converse with me during my husband's absence; but as he never uttered any expressions, or behaved in a manner capable of offending the strictest virtue, I never had reason to be in the least alarmed. It is true, that in that disastrous night which completed our common misery, I saw him for the first time come from behind a picture, without knowing by what means he could have entered my apartment. Seized with surprize and terror, I had only time to ask him what brought him at so late an hour into my room, and was going to cry out for assistance, when I heard my husband's voice. Since, Sir, he has himself conducted you here, he may explain to you the remaining circumstances. I will leave him to judge, whether my conduct during the six years that I had the honour to be his wife, authorised his suspicions; and, supposing that I had been sufficiently criminal to be willing to dishonour myself and betray my husband (to whom I would not be faithless for all the kingdoms and honours of this world) I submit to him, whether he thinks me so entirely destitute of common sense and judgment, as to employ such gross artifices as were put in practice for the commission of the crime with which he charges me; and whether if he considers the intelligence and intimacy which I was supposed to have held with that wretched fellow, such artifices could

be necessary! It is needless to enter into any farther justification of my conduct: Such, Sir, are all the circumstances which I allege against the violent presumptions which overcame my husband, and which in some measure justify his usage of me. And now, Sir, I venture to conjure you by those sentiments of compassion with which my present situation inspires you, and by the sincerity with which I have now spoken to you, that you would intercede with my husband and my lord, and prevail upon him to put an immediate end to my life, and to shorten that death which he now makes me suffer by his presence, that I may present myself unblameable to God." The tears which her husband shed during this discourse, and which increased in proportion as she continued speaking, convinced me that he was dreadfully affected. Turning then to him I said, "Well, Sir, and what is your present opinion? What will you say now?"—For a short time his tears and sobs prevented him from speaking—then seizing my hand and pressing it to his bosom, he said, "the same liberty which I before gave you to say whatever you thought proper, I now give you to do whatever you think best for me." He had scarcely finished these words before I took out my poniard and cut the cords which bound her hands and feet. In attempting to rise, she was so weak, that she fell into my arms, and from thence sunk again upon the ground, where she continued as if to recover her strength, exhausted by the length of her suffering. Her husband was so affected at the deplorable state to which he had reduced her, and now as much convinced of her innocence as he was before convinced of her guilt, threw himself

himself on his knees, kissed her hands and feet, and bathed them with his tears, which flowed abundantly, and conjured her to pardon his injustice and cruelty. This return of tenderness and love, which was more than she was able to support in her present weak state, had so great an effect on her, that she fainted away, and continued so long in a state of insensibility, that I thought she was dead. The husband, fixing his lips on her's, remained in an agony of grief and despair; at length, suddenly starting up, he quitted his wife, who became more than ever the beloved object of his affections, ran across the garden, and returned with some refreshments. Having given her a cordial, the effect was instantaneous, the blood re-animated her cheeks, and she opened her eyes;

and turning them tenderly on her husband,—“Alas! Sir, why do you recal me to this wretched existence?”—“It is to save my own, which depends on your's,” returned the husband; and immediately took her up in his arm. I assisted in transporting her from that dreadful cell into her own apartment, and we had the satisfaction of gradually recovering her from that danger of immediate dissolution which before threatened her. The next morning I took leave, with an intention of continuing my journey; but both the husband and wife pressed me so much to stay that I could not refuse. I remained there three weeks, during which time the wife recovered her health, the husband his happiness, the servants their tongues, and the garden their beauty.

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### On DRUNKENNESS.

THE vice of *Drunkenness* seems to be pretty ancient, and has been carefully transmitted from the times of Bacchus down to the present; neither has it been hurt or lessened in the conveyance, but rather seems to have gathered fresh attractions in its passage, both to amuse and destroy its practisers. It is something parallel to Madness, and indeed may be called one species of it, because the circumstance of being stripped of reason, compels men to expose a number of ideas, which although they might once have been in their thoughts while in their proper senses, yet is what they would wish to suppress, and think dangerous to expose in their hours of sobriety.

There requires but little ingenuity to be master of such a vice as

this. Thieving, Deceit, and Fraud, has its inconveniences, because it requires genius, caution, skill, and vigilance, in conducting, to avoid the gallows, and a liar meets with universal contempt. But what reproaches can we adapt to the drunkard, whose senses are buried in the ruins of intemperance, and entirely beyond our reach? It is a blow which levels at once both our reputation and constitution; it spoils all dispositions to industry and diligence, and keeps the person who possesses it in poverty and indigence their whole lives, and is the foundation of ill health, and every brutish passion.

“*Bacchus* (the proverb tells us) hath drowned more men than *Nephtune*.” I will not decide upon this; but I do not think there is any vice that



that is so thoroughly rooted, or more impudently pursued in the lower ranks of men than *Drunkenness*. If you ask them their reasons or views in it, they tell you, to bury their troubles, and destroy the remembrance of worldly disappointments; and since they cannot obtain contentment in the way Providence has laid down, they are resolved to set up a plan of their own.

But how a man can rest secure under such a stupid and idle excuse for a vice which leads him to destruction, is really beyond all my conjectures; there appears to me in this, such a shameful deficiency of reason and reflection, that I am unable to express my contempt of it; for rather than trust to Providence for succour and relief, they choose to scorn and reject it, and endeavour to divert their calamities by intoxication, which serves no other purpose than to increase and cherish their passions. Indeed we frequently find men of very shining talents and understandings have recourse to the same methods for relief. Their irresolution and want of fortitude against the attacks of disappointment, will not carry them through their troubles, but they recur into the worst and most beastly methods to banish it, which at best are ineffectual, for the returns of despair (to say nothing of the discredit of it) is sure to be in a double proportion.

Therefore, when it is considered that *Drunkenness* not only subjects us to the detestation and contempt of men of sense and sobriety, but also to the danger of being frequently robbed, and sometimes to the loss of our lives, I think it is a sufficient inducement to avoid so infamous a practice.

We are indebted, every day we live, to Providence for our lives,

but more particularly in the instance of *Drunkenness*; when we utterly lose the ability to preserve either our property or lives; and by frequently abandoning ourselves to this vice, we trespass too much on the mercy and forbearance of our kind Creator and Protector.

Considering the abundance of amusements so much complained of, it is hard to account for the stupidity of some men in sinking into this vice, who will leave a number of solid pleasures, of which they can every day taste in their full senses, merely to act the beast among scurvy company, to contract the inconveniences of a decayed constitution, and totally spoil themselves for the duties of life. All the drunkard's former virtues and qualifications are washed away in torrents of liquor, and he is left an object no otherwise distinguished from a beast, than by his form erect, the nonsense he utters, and the violence and extravagance of his passions. There is a certain medium of amusements for the mind, which it is allowed to pursue and encourage without transgression. There is but little merit in a perpetual solitude, but it is as certain there is much less in a life of drinking and dissipation.

The following letter was written to me by a gentleman who was quite a stranger to this habit, and who happily resolved to consider it as a dangerous companion, with whom he would never trust himself a second time.

"Dear Sir,

"I THINK it is perfectly idle to argue or exclaim against the prevalent vice of *Drunkenness*, because besides the pleasure a man thinks he finds in the gratification of a corrupted habit, the followers of it choose to make the distresses  
of

of life a plea for softening them by liquor, by which they have modelled it into a vice that is useful and necessary. However, I will not here enumerate the wretched effects it produces, or the wretched degradation of our species in some fits of drunkenness, but say something about myself in the same situation. I am above fifty, of a very singular and temperate disposition, mingled with a good deal of gravity, which, however, is no prevention to fits of jollity, mirth, and good humour, when I have a mind to relax from reflection and study; for I can enjoy all these without the help of wine, and probably in a much more perfect degree, because the senses are left unpolluted and better at liberty to relish them; however, I have the singularity to have been bred up in great temperance and a thorough detestation of drinking in particular, and had therefore continued in a state of indifference as to that article, till last night when I was not only inveigled to get out of my depth as to my quantity of liquor, but an arch wag in our company hearing me boast of my abstinence, must needs play me a trick, and infuse a double portion of spirits in our punch, which did my business, and overturned my senses; from that time, I had no further remembrance of enjoyment of my friends, nor had any conversation with them; all my faculties which before were agreeably employed and amused in listening or conversing, were now vanished and destroyed, and my senses totally lopped off.

"The brutalities and extravagancies I committed in this trim, I am unable to describe, and should be probably shocked to know; I can only say that the reflection and apprehension (now I am in my senses)

of having behaved before men of sense like a *beast* and a *fool*, is really intolerable. I remember very little of what passed, although there are several circumstances which seem uppermost in my thoughts, which I am since told were true enough. I went up to a clergyman who was talking very eloquently on the beauties of morality and religion, and although I had never seen him before, yet, because his conversation was disgusting, I took him a box on the ear, plucked off his wig and flung it in the fire, with a few other enormities of the like nature. The gentleman was meek enough to consider me as a madman, and therefore excused me. I then rambled to another box, in which was a gentleman dressed in the highest taste and elegance; he was also engaged in a topic of conversation which I chose to contradict, and this I did in such haste and fury, that, being suddenly seized with a fit of the hickups from my liquor, I discharged the contents of my stomach into his bosom, beside spoiling his brocaded waistcoat. This gentleman, not having so much patience, as the clergyman, gave me a sound beating, that I am stiff with his blows to this hour. I am also told for my further comfort, that never was any behaviour more completely reversed than mine; for those gentlemen in my own company who most deserved civility and esteem, and to whom I was most complaisant before, were the greatest objects of my fury and violence then. In short, my behaviour in that condition was such a compound of impertinence, stupidity, folly, and noise, that to avoid the disgrace, and contempt such a beastly and stupid vice excites, it is my firm resolution never to get *Drunk again.*" [Lond. Mag.

On

## On CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

[From Mrs. GRIFFITH'S Essays, addressed to young Married Women.]

**L**OVE is a term so very vague and indiscriminate, as it is generally applied, that it would be extremely difficult to investigate its nature from its effects, in any other case but that of marriage; as the modes, perhaps, of feeling, or at least of expressing it, vary, according to the temper, manner, or situation, of each individual who either feels or feigns the passion.

But Conjugal Affection is by no means subject to such equivocal appearances; it is tenderness heightened by passion, and strengthened by esteem. It is unmixed with any selfish or sensual allay, tending solely to promote the happiness of its object here and hereafter.

Such an elevated state of happiness as must result from the affection I have described, when mutual, must surely be the acmé of human felicity. But, as the point of perfection is that of declension also, it will require much pains, but they are pleasing ones, to make the ever-turning wheel of sublunary bliss keep steady to the summit it has reached, or at least to prevent its rolling down the rugged precipice where jealousy, disgust, and grief, have marked the horrid road.

The disappointments of human life must ever be proportioned to the extravagance of our expectations. Too great an ardour to be blessed is frequently the source of misery. A life of transport is not the lot of mortals. While we accept, we should chastise our joys, "lest while we clasp we kill them."

That concord of souls which constitutes the happiness of marriage, like a full concert, requires all the "parts obliged" to fill their several stations in perfect time and place;

for though the heart may lead the band, and set out in perfect harmony, one jarring note destroys the rapturous strain, and turns the whole to discord. For this reason, I consider a parity of understanding and temper to be as necessary towards forming an happy marriage, as an equality of years, rank, and fortune.

But grant these circumstances all conjoin and make the union perfect, remember, my fair Friends, satiety succeeds to rapture, as sure as night to day. Be it your province, then, to keep your husband's heart from sinking into the incurable disease of tasteless apathy. Do not rely too much upon your personal charms, however great, to preserve the conquest they may have gained.

By a proper attention to your husband, you will easily discover the bent of his genius and inclinations. To that turn all your thoughts, and let your words and actions solely tend to that great point. The kindness of your attention will awaken his, and gratitude will strengthen his affection, imperceptibly even to himself.

Our first Parent justifies his fondness for Eve, to Raphael, upon this principle:

- "Neither her outside formed so fair, &c.
- "So much delights me, as those graceful  
acts,
- "Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
- "From all her words and actions, mixed  
with love,
- "And sweet compliance, which declare  
unfeigned
- "Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
- "Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
- "More grateful than harmonious sound to  
the ear."

In



In an age like this, when we may suppose that every young Lady deserves the epithet with which Adam addresses his wife, *Accomplished Eve*, it must be less difficult than it might have been for their female ancestors, to secure the affections of a husband already prepossessed in their favour. Let them but exert the same talents, with the same desire of pleasing, which they shewed before marriage, and I venture to pronounce that they will succeed.

A love of power and authority is natural to men; and wherever this inclination is most indulged, will be the situation of their choice. Every man ought to be the principal object of attention in his family; of course he should feel himself happier at home than in any other place. It is doubtless, the great business of a woman's life to render his home pleasing to her husband; he will then delight in her society, and not seek abroad for alien amusements. A husband may, possibly, in his daily excursions, see many women whom he thinks handsomer than his wife; but it is generally her fault if he meet with one he thinks more amiable.

A desire of pleasing very rarely fails of its effect; but in a wife that desire must be managed with the nicest delicacy; it should appear rather in the result, than in the design; "not obvious, not obtrusive." These *petits soins* are the best supplement to our great duties, and render the commerce of life delightful. Like an elegant desert, they complete the feast, and leave not a wish unsatisfied.

We have hitherto looked only on the pleasing side of the tapestry, and seen Marriage in its most favourable light. Let us now turn the canvas, and take a view of its defects.

Let us suppose, then, what I

think the worst of all situations, an amiable young woman possessing the tenderest affection for her husband, while he, from the natural depravity and inconstancy of his nature, has withdrawn his love from her, and perhaps bestowed it on some unworthy object, to whom he devotes his time and fortune.

In such a state of wretchedness, what line shall our neglected wife pursue? The first step that I would recommend to her, is, that of entering into a serious, strict, and impartial review of her own conduct, even to the minutiae of her dress, and the expressions of her looks, from the first of her acquaintance with her husband. If, after such examination, she cannot discover any fault in her manners that might have given offence, or created disgust, let her steadily pursue the same behaviour she has hitherto practised; for, if that be totally free from error, it is impossible that any alteration can give an additional efficacy to it. For to resent, or to retaliate, neither her duty, nor her religion will permit.

"To carry smiles upon the face, when discontent sits brooding at the heart," is, I confess, one of the most difficult tasks that can possibly be imposed on an ingenuous and feeling soul. But a thorough conviction that it is her province to endeavour to recal the wanderer back, for his own happiness, as well as her's, and a certainty that there are no other means of accomplishing so desirable an end, will enable her to pursue this arduous undertaking, till either her heart shall rejoice in its success, or from reiterated disappointments become indifferent to the worthless object of its former esteem and attention.

Granting the last to be the case, she has a right to expect the good opinion of the world will attend her

her conduct ; but an higher and more certain reward awaits it ; self approbation, arising from a consciousness of having fulfilled her duty, and an assurance of having essayed the only method that was likely to insure success ; for never yet was love recalled by lamentations or upbraidings. The first may sometimes, perhaps, create pity, but oftener begets contempt ; and the latter never did, nor can produce any passion but instant rage, or cool determined hate.

Recollection may furnish to my fair Readers many instances where patient sufferings have been rewarded with returning love ; but I think there is scarcely one to be met with where female violence has ever conquered male outrage ; or where dissipation and coquetry, though they may have alarmed the pride, ever reclaimed the alienated affections of a husband.

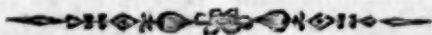
True love, like true virtue, shrinks not on the first attack ; it will bear many shocks before it be entirely vanquished. As it contends not for victory, but for the prize, it will not display itself in vain arts of elocution, but in the more powerful eloquence of action ; it will leave nothing undone that can prove its sincerity, but it will not boast, even to its object, of what it has done, much less will it vaunt its merits to any other confidant, or complain to the world of the unkind return it has met with.

There are such a variety of circumstances which may disturb the happiness of the marriage state,

that it is impossible to specify them all ; but as a virtuous woman will consider the loss of her husband's affection as the greatest calamity that can befall her, her duty and prudence will, before the evil happens, upon every occasion supply rules of conduct to herself ; and the reliance she will necessarily have upon the tenderness of his attachment to her, joined to the sincerity of her's to him, will support her through every difficulty which accident, misfortune, or even imprudence, may have brought upon them. She will say, with Prior's Emma,

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,  
From its decline determined to recede ;  
Did I but purpose to embark with thee,  
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,  
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous  
gales,  
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling  
sails,  
But would forsake the bark and make the  
shore,  
When the winds whistle, and the tempests  
roar ?  
No, Henry, no ! one sacred oath has tyed  
Our loves, one destiny our lives shall guide,  
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way di-  
vide.

This is the natural language of conjugal affection, this is the fulfilling of the marriage vow, where self is lost in a still dearer object, where tenderness is heightened by distress, and attachment cemented even by the tears of sorrow. Such an union of souls may *brave the power of Time* ; and I trust, that Death itself shall not be able to destroy it.



## ORIGIN of a BEAU.

**I**N this age of rights and reasons perhaps it may not be deemed an impertinent intrusion on the pa-  
Vol. VI. D

tience of the ladies, to give them the origin of a *beau*. A lady of fashion and fortune was addressed by a gentleman

gentleman her equal in both ; yet, strange to tell, all his flattering protestations and egregious affiduities, had not the desired effect on the object of his adoration :—And he had the additional mortification of beholding that affection, for which he was so strenuous a claimant, lavished on her monkey ;—this impressed him with an idea that master Pug possessed personal attractions superior to his own—and he accordingly resolved to imitate an

ape both in person and address ;—the metamorphose gained him his mistress, and thus encouraged, no wonder the ludicrous fashions the above incident introduced, should become as prevalent as they are ; would it not then be worthy of you my fair country women, who have reason to boast of your influence over the lords of the creation, to exert that influence in endeavouring to make them at least appear more like rational creatures.



### On TEMPER, as it respects the HAPPINESS of the MARRIED STATE.

[By Mrs. GRIFFITH.]

A PARITY of temper is one of the principal requisites in matrimonial happiness ! and yet it is possible that too great a similarity of disposition may, in some cases, render both parties wretched. For instance, if two persons of a gay and careless turn of mind should happen to be united, both will think themselves entitled to pursue their joint or separate amusements, without being incumbered with any attention to domestic economy, till even the necessary means for their support may be irretrievably lavished away.

Again, should two persons of a saturnine complexion be joined in the indissoluble bond of marriage, the natural gloominess of their dispositions will be increased by each other's converse ; melancholy will become habitual, and care be heightened to despondency.

" Not minds of melancholy strain,  
 " Still silent, or that still complain,  
     " Can the dear bondage bless ;  
 " As well may heavenly concerts spring  
 " From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
     " Or none besides the base.

" Nor can the soft enchantment hold  
 " Two jarring souls of angry mould,  
     " The rugged and the keen ;  
 " Sampson's young foxes might as well  
 " In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
     " With firebrands tied between."

From these examples it is obvious, that a similitude of dispositions alone, though a strong incentive to affection, will not always ensure matrimonial felicity. And yet I am perfectly convinced, that wherever there is any material difference of sentiments or manners, there never was, or will be, a happy marriage. We naturally admire those we love, and as naturally imitate what we admire. The similarity that arises from conformity, and a desire to please, has a superior charm to that which is merely complexional. To adopt the sentiments of a person is the most delicate proof of approbation and esteem ; and perhaps the compliment is valued by our self-love, in proportion to the sacrifice which has been made of an opposite way of thinking.

That conformity of manners, as far as religion and reason will permit,



mit, is one of the indispensable duties of a wife, will not, I believe, be denied by any one. But there are Ladies who have an art of letting their *condescension* appear too strongly in the act, as if submitting to the impositions of a Tyrant, rather than cheerfully fulfilling the obligation they had entered into at the altar—to *love, honour, and obey*.

The same words or actions, expressed or performed in a gracious or ungracious manner, may produce effects, as different as Love and Hate. I would, therefore, recommend it to the candidates for happiness in the married state, to *sacrifice to the Graces*, in their conjugal demeanour, as sincerely as they do at their toilets; for good breeding is as necessary to the preservation of domestic harmony, as it can possibly be to the general intercourse and commerce of life.

Solomon, in his description of a virtuous woman, has furnished us with the finest idea that ever was given, of a wife's address to her husband. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." And surely there exists not a being, under the form of man, who could reject such an address with scorn or insolence.

We should, however, take particular care, to *time* our conversation with our husbands, and neither idly obtrude upon their serious hours of business or retirement, nor hastily mistake that reserve or gloom which may arise from difficulties in their affairs, abroad, for ill temper or disgust, at home.

It is the duty of a wife not only to regulate her own temper towards her husband, but also to pay such an attention to his, as may prevent it, from ever appearing in a disagreeable light. By studiously observing the proper seasons for the

different subjects on which she may have occasion to address him, she may, imperceptibly to him and almost to herself, obtain the power of guiding his concurrence or denial.

A sensible and virtuous woman, pursuing such a line of conduct for the mutual advantage of her husband and family, without any selfish views, which only little minds are capable of, comes nearest to the idea that mortals are taught to conceive of a Guardian Angel, who, unseen, directs our doubtful choice to what is best, and leads our erring steps into the paths of happiness and peace.

I have hitherto considered this great article of Temper, only in one point of view, merely as it relates to the colloquial intercourse between a wedded pair. I come now to shew, that its influence is universally extensive; and that it is one of the main springs which guides or deranges the human machine through every station and situation of life.

An unmarried woman is very rarely said to be ill tempered; and yet there are such prodigies in nature as *young vixens* who, however they may conceal their ill humour from their lovers and general acquaintance, will surely betray it to their parents, inmates and servants. 'A little lump leaveneth the whole,' and a peevish maiden will infallibly make a cross wife; for, when once a sourness of disposition becomes habitual, there is no alkaline in Nature sufficiently powerful to correct the heart-burnings and bitterness of a dissatisfied temper. A person so affected, like one infected with the plague, necessarily spreads the contagion of discontent around her. Her parents lament the badness of her disposition; her other relations and connexions are sensible

ble of aversion, instead of affection, towards her; and her servants regret that the irksomeness of servitude is aggravated by receiving their subsistence from a Tyrant, whom they can neither please, respect, or love.

As gravity, which is sometimes but another name for dulness, has been frequently mistaken for wisdom, so is cheerfulness often accepted for good humour. But that species of cheerfulness which we meet with in society, that laughs in the eye, and lights up the countenance, generally proceeds rather from an ebullition of the spirits, than a designed and consistent exertion of our powers to please, and is more frequently the result of a lively than a placid disposition. As it flows from an accidental cause, its effects must necessarily be precarious; it is, therefore, subject to causeless and sudden dejection, to which habitual good-humour is by no means liable.

Distinct as these two qualities are, they have yet one property common to both, and at the same time different from what can be imputed to any other happy endowment; which is, that they are most meritorious where they are least natural. An idiot may be constitutionally good humoured, and a villain be cheerful, from a glow of health or a flow of spirits; but that species of good humour which is the result of sense, virtue, and gratitude to Providence, will be uniform in its appearance, and consistent in its manners; it will not, like an April day, lour and shine almost in the same moment; nor, like the flaming heats of July, will the brightness of the meridian sun foretell the approaching thunder; but clear, calm, and undisturbed, shall it shine on even to its latest hour.

\* *Dr. Blair.*

Such a blessed state of mind must necessarily communicate the happiness it feels to all around it. "Like the smooth stream, it reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours; while the turbulent and ruffled spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation."\*

This beautiful simile has a double claim to female attention; for rage, jealousy, or any other ungentle passion deform the fairest face almost as much as they degrade the mind, and "can unsex the loveliest of the lovely kind, e'en from the top to toe."

But there is a higher and stronger motive than any I have yet mentioned for "possessing our souls in gentleness," if we presume to call ourselves Christians. Shall the disciple of a suffering Saviour dare to resent with furious outrage the real or imaginary injuries she may receive? Or can she kneel before the throne of Mercy, and supplicate the God of Peace and Goodwill to man, for pardon or protection, while her heart is agitated with a spirit of malice or revenge towards a fellow-creature frail as her wretched self? This were an insult upon piety, a mockery of devotion!

We are assured that God rejects the proud, and that an humble and a contrite heart are precious in his sight. Shall we then cast away the heart-felt transport of thinking ourselves under the guidance and protection of an Almighty Providence, to sacrifice to Moloch? And give away the birth-right of the redeemed, for the sad privilege of torturing ourselves? For Providence has wisely ordained, that all the malevolent passions of the human breast

should

should prey upon their possessors. Peace never dwelt with envy, rage, or hate.

As marriage among Christians, is of divine institution, all married persons should consider a proper conduct towards each other, as the fulfilling of a religious duty. To promote *harmony, peace, order, and happiness*, in their families, is the mutual and undoubted obligation both of man and wife. This rule once established and reduced to practice, even libertines will own

that marriage is the happiest state on earth; but when the fiends of discord, rage, confusion, and misery, usurp the place of *those* dear household gods, their very opposites, we must agree with Doctor Tillotson, and own that such a state is but "a lesser hell in passage to the greater."

Be it your care, then, to reverse this sad idea, and by the mildness of your manners, and the sweetness of your tempers, render the marriage state a lesser heaven, in passage to the greater.



## The STORY of SARAH PHILLIPS.

(Continued from page 285.)

**I** WAS born in one of the southern counties of England, of a wealthy family, and still more illustrious for its titles and services. I shall conceal the place of my birth and the name of my family. I am imagined to be dead, and do not wish my relations should discover I am alive. I was six years old when I lost my mother. My father, who was fond of literature, and had a great affection for me, would not marry again, and undertook himself the care of my education. He was desirous to impart to me some of that knowledge he so largely possessed himself, and appeared satisfied with the progress I made under his inspection.

My father was, perhaps, superior to many who have been in high reputation for their literary abilities, and possessed such firmness of mind that he was not to be induced to quit any system or resolution he had adopted, after mature reflection, through a dread of its consequences. This character I inherit from him, and it has not been enfeebled by its lessons. My father

was capable of feeling all the beauties of art and nature; he had a lively imagination and an exalted soul. He was not a cultivator of that dry philosophy which degrades and chills our nature. He required one more favourable to the enthusiasm he felt for virtue, and the pleasures of the imagination.

Before I was eighteen my father perceived I inherited his delight in learning. He amused himself with my conversation, and his happiness all centered in me. He did not think of marrying me, and I was too well contented with my condition to wish a change.

While Mrs. Phillips spoke thus, I was much moved, and imagined I recollected her, but an uncertainty still remained which I was impatient for her to remove.

We always passed, continued she, some part of the winter in town. It happened on our arrival there, at the close of one of our summer excursions, that a young Scotchman offered himself to my father, as a servant. His person was extremely agreeable, and his countenance strongly



strongly expressive of sensibility and understanding.

The lower class of people receive, as you well know, a better education in Scotland, than in any other part of Europe ; and this young man had had one of the best his country could bestow. He at first only distinguished himself from the other domestics by his extreme attention to his duty ; we soon perceived he was beloved by all his fellow servants, and that they partook of his zeal ; my father found himself better served, and every one seemed more cheerful and more happy.

This young man was never without a book in his hand, in those moments of leisure which his business allowed. My father saw he possessed an excellent understanding, and was desirous to assist him in its improvement. My lord Dorset, said he, took Prior from a tavern, and he was afterwards deservedly esteemed one of our best English poets. I may perhaps render this man an honour to his country. We soon after left London, and took with us our new favourite, with whom my father had frequent conversations.

In one of these he learned that this youth had engaged himself as a servant in order to maintain his aged parents, with his wages. This virtuous conduct so affected my father that he manifested the greatest emotion when he mentioned it to me ; he proposed presenting him, immediately, with a considerable sum of money to remit to his parents ; but how great was his surprise when this servant refused to accept his intended present !

Sir, said the young man, I owe my labour to my parents, and the reward I receive for it is sufficient for us all : If they were in distress I would accept your generous offer,

but they want no more than what it is in my power to procure ; my salary belongs to them equally with myself ; let them enjoy it, but neither they nor I will degrade ourselves by receiving alms.

My father did not endeavour to persuade this young man to change his manner of thinking ; but he made him lay aside his livery, and gave him the care of his library. He also appointed him to receive his rents, and by these two employments, Phillips (that as you will perhaps suppose was the name of this youth) was enabled to receive without humiliation, the favour which my father was desirous to bestow.

The library was an apartment more frequented by me than any other ; in it I often met Mr. Phillips, and must confess I soon felt myself dissatisfied when he was not there ; while he, whenever he saw me enter, was sure to betray a very visible emotion, which contributed much to inspire me with those sentiments, at present so dear to my heart ; and to which I owe all the happiness of my life.

I perceived, directly, all the consequence of my passion ; but rather exercised my understanding to encourage it than to overcome. I feared and respected the opinion of the world ; but, surely said I, the world cannot render me ashamed of my thoughts ; I may therefore indulge myself in those ; yet did I not discover my sentiments to the object of my passion ; who, in like manner, concealed his affection from me.

My pride was not inferior to my sensibility, and such a character, tho' it may not be able to resist love, will at least overcome its weakness. Mr. Phillips, on the contrary, was entirely engrossed by his passion, and the excess of such a passion produces

duces no less respect than an inequality of rank.

I passed two years in the delightful pleasure of loving, and knowing I was beloved in return, I was truly happy ; but I lost my father, and I knew not whether I should have survived him, had not my heart been filled with affection for another, which alone can console us for the loss of every thing else.

Here Mrs. Phillips burst into tears, and ceased speaking for some time. Yes, said I to myself, it certainly must be her, nor is it possible longer to entertain a doubt. I was ready to discover myself, but was restrained through fear I should deprive her of confidence in me, and cause me to lose a part of her history. She presently continued as follows.

I perceived the regret of Mr. Phillips was equal to my own, and that his sorrow was increased by mine. My tears never flowed alone, and I saw in every action of his the clearest proof of the most tender regard : It was visible in his assiduity, in all he did or said, and even in the very tone of his voice. He manifested a love for me which demanded my heart, while nothing appeared which could alarm my virtue or seem unsuitable to the respect due to my rank.

You will easily imagine I made reflections on the decorums becoming my situation, and on the submission every one owes to the laws and customs of his country.

The philosophy of my father had taught me how many things, in high estimation with the world are, in fact, only prejudices ; but his philosophy, however just and sublime, had not enabled me to despise such prejudices. My conversations with Mr. Phillips, turned on these subjects, truly important in themselves, and rendered so very inter-

esting to us by our situation. Sometimes I even ventured to doubt of the justice of human conventions ; and, by consequence of the power they had to bind exalted and enlightened minds.

Such suggestions, Mr. Phillips would combat with all his strength, and he found a multitude of arguments which I was unable to answer. I thought however that, when he had gained the advantage in these disputes, he always appeared more dejected than usual ; and I easily imagined the motive which had caused him to embrace an opinion so unfavourable to himself. I saw that my admired Phillips, entirely devoted to me, and regardless of himself, would willingly sacrifice his dearest expectations to my happiness and my honour.

I was fond of talking to him concerning his father, the virtues of that good old man, and the serene happiness which he enjoyed in his poverty. I questioned him on the place of his abode, its neighbourhood, and his employment. Mr. Phillips appeared delighted with a country life and the care of a farm.

He frequently mentioned my family, and how much that family, so illustrious in all its branches, deserved my regard and attachment. My relations, indeed, behaved towards me with the utmost kindness and respect, and shewed no surprise to find that, though I was now of age, I continued to reside in the country, and remained unmarried ; my love for literature was well known, and it was imagined I was wholly taken up with study and the superintendence of my estate.

My father had now been dead near a year, and I had not yet left the place in which he died. I have an uncle, a man of real merit, and eminent

eminent in the house of commons for his disinterestedness and his eloquence. One day, after having dined with me, he proposed that I should take a walk with him in the park.

He began to preface what he had to say by talking of the friendship which had always existed between my father and himself, and that affection which they both had entertained for me.

You know my son, continued he; he has distinguished himself in every kind of learning, and since he left England, all the accounts I have received of him confirm the good opinion I entertain of his abilities and disposition; he is of the same age with yourself, and now on his return to his native country. If he might have the happiness to prove agreeable to you, your estate need not go out of the family, and I should have the pleasure of having you for a daughter instead of a niece.

This proposal gave me the greatest uneasiness. My colour came and went, and I answered my uncle with a coldness that could not but offend him. I told him that I had no desire to marry, that I was sufficiently happy in my present condition, that if ever I chose me a husband it would not be without a long previous acquaintance, and that there were many things to which I should be more attentive in making that choice than either rank or fortune, but that whatever I did I would never forget what I owed to my family.

My uncle desired permission to introduce his son, whom I had not seen from his infancy, who was far from disagreeable, and who, as he said, entertained a great regard for me. I replied to this new proposal with a coldness which I could scarcely justify to myself, a multitude of very different thoughts succeeded each other in my mind.

(Remainder next month.)



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The G L E A N E R. No. XXV.

Bright beams the orient ray on clouds impress,  
The glooms dispersing clad in vivid vest;  
Splendid the *contrast*—purple, gold, and blue,  
New beauties bursting on the gladden'd view:

Just so, upon the dark'ned face of woe,  
Kind Heaven the mantling bliss can still bestow,  
When tears of anguish charge the swollen eye,  
And the lorn bosom heaves the length'ning sigh,  
The opening prospect radiant to the sight,  
Bursts sudden forth—a flood of new born light.

WITH sensations of ineffable complacency, and high glee; with feelings, the felicity of which it would be difficult, if not

impossible, to surpass, I set me down, upon this 27th day of May, 1794, to recount unto the *good natural Reader*, an event which, if I have not



not been extremely erroneous in my calculations, I think will render him, or her, in no inconsiderable degree, a partaker of my joy. I say, good natured reader, for without incurring the charge of credulity, I conceive I may fairly presume that persons of this description have from time to time, been constrained to take an interest in the fate of Margaretta Melworth Hamilton. I say, *good natured reader*, because the *Gleaner* hath never yet had the arrogance to conceive that he possessed powers sufficiently energetic to arrest the attention of the phlegmatic, the saturnine, or the fastidious. Individuals, possessing minds cast in these moulds; he hath considered as inaccessible; and he hath imagined them turning from the pages of the *Gleaner*, with all the frigidity of apathy, with all the glooms attendant upon rigorous severity; disgust, or contempt. Yet, with the esteem of the candid and sincere, he hath been humble enough to content himself; in the bosom of sensibility he flattereth himself that he hath obtained a place, and he is ambitious of rendering his efforts worthy that degree of consideration which they may have obtained. Addressing the humane, the benevolent, the frank, and ingenuous; in one word, those who are willing to be pleased, he hardly hesitates in promising himself at least a hearing; and, he is free to own, that he possesses such a comfortable share of self complacency, as to become confident, that whenever he consecrates his efforts by the name of the daughter of his affection, he ensures a share of approbation; nor will he consent that this idea should be imputed altogether to an overweening conceit of his own abilities; for surely it must be acknowledged that an amiable and meritorious woman, strug-

Vol. VI.

E

gling with misfortunes, is an object which virtue must ever regard with commiseration and applause. For the officious length of this exordium, I supplicate the indulgence of those gentle spirits, upon whose favour I have presumed; a candidate for the patronage of benignity should hasten to gratify the feelings of susceptibility, and after narrating a few previous arrangements, without further delay, I shall pass on to a development, which hath not only invested our daughter with high affluence, but hath, moreover, restored to her a blessing, which she entertained not the smallest conception of ever being permitted to grasp, while yet she continued clothed in the habiliments of mortality.

My last communications relative to Mrs. Hamilton, crowned her with those honours which bloom most becomingly upon a female brow; the propriety of her conduct in the matrimonial career could not be questioned, and her patient merit was, in her own opinion, amply rewarded, by a discovery that neither misfortunes, or caprice, had robbed her of, or in the smallest degree abated the affectionate attachment of him, to whom her gentle heart was supremely devoted.

That tumultuous delirium of joy, of which the sketch of the scene in my reading parlour, in the month of November last, can have given but an incompetent idea, gradually subsided into an exquisitely pleasing calm. Peace, with every accompaniment, which ever clusters in the train of tranquillity, was reinstated in her bosom; rosy confidence, fruitful in the soil of conjugal complacency, again lifted its auspicious head, and the rich perfumes which it breathed around, scattered those salutary sweets, that gave to every object a face of pleasure. Margaretta

retta seemed to regard poverty as the angel of serenity : Indeed a true knowledge of her circumstances had relieved her from a mighty pressure, which becoming quite insupportable, had well near broken the slender thread of her existence, and an assured knowledge that she still possessed those undivided regards, which she had strong reason to believe no longer reciprocated, very naturally, for a time, absorbed in her gentle bosom every other consideration.

Some days, delightfully serene, thus rolled on. I knew that the bursting storm, the tremendous and uprooting hurricane must succeed ; but I trembled to disturb the innocent and unreflecting felicity of the moment. Mr. Seymour, the generous young man who had extricated Hamilton from his difficulties, while hopeless love produced him a wandering fugitive in the southern states, had sailed for some thousands ; and although repeated letters, glowing with friendship and matchless generosity, penned by the hand of Mr. Seymour, assured us, that he would ward the blow from us, to the extremest verge of possibility ; yet as he continued, for the safety of his person, a prisoner in his own house ; as all his books, bonds, and papers, of every kind, were submitted to the inspection of his creditors, and, as he assured himself that a fair adjustment, producing an amicable, would usher in his liberating hour, the utmost credulity could not flatter us with continued exemption. Mr. Hamilton too, had many other creditors, and they became much more suspicious, inquisitive, and troublesome, than we had expected.

The scene once opened, my knowledge of mankind induced me to fear a rapid succession of distress-

ing events, and necessity, therefore, impelled me to obtrude upon the halcyon hours of my children, considerations which threw open the avenues of uncounted cares, and great inquietude. Serafina Clifford continued unwearied in her remonstrances ; she was eager to dispossess herself, in favour of her brother, of every shilling which she possessed. Against the ardour and generous impetuosity of her attack, honour, justice, and fraternal affection, although embodied for the purpose, maintained but a doubtful combat, and availing myself of the rights invested in me by my paternal authority, I was reduced to the disagreeable alternative of interposing a positive prohibition.

Miss Clifford, in a kind of frenzy, clasped the little William to her bosom, and calling upon the shade of her departed father, to witness her engagements, she vowed henceforward to devote herself, and fortune, entirely to him ; adding, " I will, my lovely child, be indefatigable in guarding the soil of thy infant mind, from the admission of that fatal germe, which never fails to produce a growth of false principles, of principles that prostitute the sacred names of honour and integrity, bestowing them upon an unsocial kind of pride, a barbarous sentiment, which compels its adherents, although placed upon a precipice of interminable ruin, to disdain the assistance of that friendship which is warm, natural, glowing, and sincere ; of that friendship, which, as it originates in affinity and gratitude, as it is the result of the fondest attachment, and meliorated by deliberate esteem, can surely never be regarded as problematical. Sweet innocent, may the kindred blood that swells thy little

"little veins, render thee one day  
"less obdurate than thy dear in-  
"flexible parents; from this mo-  
"ment the interests of Serafina and  
"thine are inseparably interwov-  
"en."

Fear not, gentle reader, by virtue of the patriarchal dignity which I have assumed, I will *upon a proper occasion*, grant unto the said Serafina Clifford, a full and free absolution from this her inconsiderate vow, which I shall take care to impute to the irresistible impulse of an impassioned moment. Without delay, in concert with Mr. Hamilton, I took measures to place the property in his possession, beyond the reach of *any single* creditor; regulating it in such a manner, as would incontestibly be most for the advantage of, and yield unto *every claimant, an equal*, and handsome dividend. Thus prepared for a contingency that we had but too much reason momentarily to expect, I requested Mary once more to call into action that admirable address which she had so repeatedly exemplified. Go, my love, with all thy winning graces, and affectionate persuasion; with all thy angel softness, and reconcile our daughter to that revolution in her prospects, which must place her again a resident in this family. Margaretta was far advanced in her second pregnancy, and we judged it necessary to observe, in regard to her, the utmost delicacy; but we had not yet learned properly to appreciate the mind of our amiable child. Those particulars which are generally so alluring to a young woman, were not, by her, considered of sufficient importance to give her essential, or lasting pain. An establishment, ranking as the head of a family, presiding at her table, giving laws to a train of servants, re-

ceiving visits in her own house, with a number of *et cetera*, which have frequently the power of fascinating a young mind, were by her regarded as considerations comparatively of little or no moment; and while conscious that she possessed the affections of the man of her heart; while she retained his society; while she could clasp to her throbbing bosom her lovely infant; while indulged with the presence of Miss Clifford, now more than ever endeared to her, and bound to her soul by motives of the most delicate, and indissoluble tenderness and esteem; while she enjoyed the approving countenance of her parents, her superior understanding could scarce forbear a smile, at the solicitude we discovered respecting her removal, and relinquishing her elegant apartments. I verily believe without a single murmur, together with her amiable friends, she hastened to those parental arms, which were opened to receive her.

Trials, however, awaited her. It was necessary that Mr. Hamilton, who was anxious to accelerate the hour, which should honourably exonerate him from his embarrassments, and who was extremely desirous of making provision for the growing family which he had in prospect; should not delay in applying himself to some business, which might afford an expectation of putting him in possession of wishes so indisputably laudable. A ship bound for Europe, in which he was offered, with the probability of great commercial advantage, a very lucrative and honourary birth, propitiously presented. Of an opening so fortunate, interest loudly called upon him to avail himself; the favourable gale of opportunity was not to be slighted; but his heart bled for his Margaretta, yet manly  
decision.



decision hesitated not, and every thing was in train for his departure. We conceived it adviseable to conceal our purpose from my daughter, as long as possible; and it was not until two days previous to the period destined for his embarkation, that I took upon myself the painful task of disclosing to her an event, which we judged must inevitably take place. Mary, Miss Clifford, Edward, and myself, had, for some time, employed ourselves in observing her with a mixture of pity, and that kind of interesting tenderness, with which her figure cannot fail, more or less, to inspire the bosom of every beholder. On her part she seemed wholly absorbed in contemplating the features of the little William, who, sleeping on a pillow before her, displayed a countenance truly cherubic. By degrees I roused her from her agreeable reverie—What is there that Mrs. Hamilton would not sacrifice, to advance the happiness of the little being, whom she hath introduced into existence? Margaretta started—It seemed as if her apprehensive bosom comprehended in a single instant, the agonizing intelligence which she was about to receive. She continued, however, silent, while urged by necessity, I reluctantly proceeded:—There is a duty incumbent upon parents, toward their children, from the moment of their birth; they are bound to every possible exertion, which they can rationally suppose will contribute to their *real felicity*. Upon Margaretta Hamilton claims of this sort will soon be multiplied, and the probability is, that a long train of sons and daughters will rise up and call her blessed. Margaretta will not surely be found deficient in her maternal character; the expenses attendant upon the education of young people, their advance-

ment in life, establishment, &c. how quickly will they succeed. It is happy that when a single means of acquiring property fails, there are others which present.

The ocean opens its hospitable arms to the unfortunate man, from whom every other resource is cut off; while the dangers, supposed peculiarly incident to a seafaring life, are in reality chimeras, calculated only to appal persons unaccustomed to reflect. Those who acknowledge the superintendence of Providence, the existence of Deity, if they ascribe to him those powers and properties which are essential to the being of a God, must acknowledge, that his protecting arm is upon all occasions stretched forth; that he can preserve upon the mighty waters, with the same facility with which he upholdeth the dweller upon the land. The truth is, that we are immortal until the separating warrant passes the great seal of heaven; and, the breath arrested by a designation so inevitable, no arrangement can redeem. I flatter myself, my beloved Margaretta, that your mind, equal, energetic, and considerate, would not suffer itself to be overmuch depressed, should the vicissitudes of life produce contingencies, unavoidably condemning you to a few months absence from Mr. Hamilton; two or three voyages might perhaps entirely retrieve his affairs, and you would ever after have the satisfaction to reflect that you had contributed every thing in your power; every thing which fortitude and uniform exertions could achieve, in order to reinstate your Edward in that independence to which he was born. I was proceeding, but I had not been sufficiently cautious. My daughter, during my harangue, frequently

quently changed colour; the lily, and the rose, seemed to chase each other upon her now mantling, and now pallid cheek; she trembled excessively, and upon my particular application to her, the agitation of her bosom becoming insupportable, she sunk breathless into the arms of that passionately beloved, and truly afflicted husband, who hastened to prevent her fall. "My God," exclaimed Hamilton, "it is too much; restore, compose, and soothe this suffering angel, too often exercised by pangs of so severe a nature, and do with a wretch who hath betrayed and undone her, whatever seemeth to thee good." Mary and Serafina, soon recalled the fleeting spirit of the lovely mourner. Hamilton once more knelt before her, and the copious tears with which he bedewed the hand that he alternately pressed to his bosom, and to his lips, called forth a mingling stream from the eyes of the beauteous sufferer. The scene was inexpressibly tender, but the humid drops upon the face of my daughter, annihilated at least one half of my fears upon her account. "And can you, sir," in a tremulous accent, she exclaimed—"can you condemn my Edward to bondage, perhaps to irretrievable slavery?" What means my love? "Ah! sir, do you not recollect the British depredations? Do you not recollect the ruthless and unrelenting rigour of that fate which awaits the captive, doomed to wear out a wretched life under the galling yoke of an Algerine despot? Might I but have been spared at this time; might a step so fatal to my peace, at least have been deferred, until the face of affairs wore, to the poor desolate and exiled voyager, a more confirmed

"aspect, I think I could have acquiesced." For a moment she paused; sighs, expressive of the deepest anguish, burst from her bosom. Again she resumed—"Gracious Heaven, what an extensive and wide spreading error hath my early indiscretion proved! and perhaps its cruel consequences will follow me to the latest period of my existence! Had I waited the parental sanction, ere I lent an ear to a wretch, practised in the arts of deception; had I not blindly and precipitately given the reins to reprehensible inclination, I should never have listened to the pernicious voice of adulation; the faithful heart of my Edward would not have received a corroding wound; he would not have been impelled to a voluntary banishment; he would never have had recourse to an expedient, which hath too surely involved in ruin my terrestrial hopes! Forgive me, O my parents; forgive me, O thou best of men, and thou sleeping innocent, forgive, Oh forgive thy wretched mother: It is now indeed that Margaretta is completely undone!" I was immeasurably affected; yet I knew that my daughter would soon become capable of reasoning; she possesses, in an uncommon degree, the power of accurately discussing points in which she is the most deeply interested; but altogether unprepared for the present calamity, reason had been violently forced from the helm, and we unitedly endeavoured to restore her to that reflection, to which we well knew that she was eminently adequate. The soothing of unquestioned friendship are the sweetest solace; they yield a balm which is endowed with the sovereign power of mitigation, they

they are a consolation in almost every sorrow. It was necessary to bend the mind of Margaretta to our purpose, and a few hours accomplished our wishes; gradually we opened our plan; she saw the propriety of every arrangement, the necessity for the steps we had taken, and the idea, then first held up, of the possibility that the time was not far distant, which might legally immure her Hamilton within the walls of a prison, produced the expected effect. Waving her snowy hand with peerless grace, she pressed it upon her closed lips, and bowing her afflicted head, she thus tacitly gave that expressive, although melancholy assent, of which, from the beginning, considering the justness of her way of thinking, we had made ourselves sure. Two days, as I said, only remained, and they were marked by a deeper sorrow, than any which has yet pierced the bosom of my daughter! It will not be doubted that we called into action every motive which could give energy and firmness to her feelings; yet, while pensive resignation dwelt upon her lips, her altered countenance, and debilitated frame, evinced the struggles of her soul. It was a trial upon which she had never reckoned; in every event, she had calculated upon the supporting presence of her husband, and that she was thus unprepared for the stroke, must apologize for the agonized emotions with which she submitted to the blow! The evening at length arrived, which we conceived destined to usher in the morning, upon which our adventurer was to depart for a neighbouring town, in order to his embarkation. It was marked by the deepest anguish. But just at this juncture, unfortunately, as I then

imagined, our Federal Government interposed the late Embargo, and joy once more mantled upon the cheek of Mrs. Hamilton. Thus it is, we submit to necessity; we are convinced of the utility of certain arrangements, and we are constrained, by conviction, to yield our assent to events which, nevertheless, pierce the bosom with the barbed arrows of affliction; yet if an interposing hand breaks the order to which we had reluctantly submitted; if we are conscious that we have no how aided in producing the incident; if we have in every respect acted up to our duty, we seem to forget the good we had expected, we rejoice in a change which emancipates us from those sorrows we had imposed upon ourselves; we seem to have attained the goal of felicity, and for a little moment we become unmindful of those compulsory considerations, which had urged the application of a remedy, acknowledged indispensably requisite. Margaretta, notwithstanding the good sense of which she is mistress, notwithstanding the remonstrances of reason, not only regarded the embargo as a reprieve, but involuntarily breathed her wishes for its continuance: And I adduce it as an irrefragable fact, that our country produces not a single partizan, whose bosom glowed with more ill advised zeal for the extension or renewal of this same embargo. The 25th instant, however, arrived—it passed; the fleet and welcome footsteps of no new commissioned express, gladdened the ear of impetuosity, and the embargo expired. Hamilton was again on the eve of his departure. Yesterday, exactly at one o'clock, we were assembled in the dining parlour. This very morning was to have witnessed the agonized moment



ment of separation, and melancholy dejection brooded in the countenance of Margaretta. My servant, a man whom I have loved for these forty years, entered:—A stranger, sir, is importunate to see you. Admit him, by all means. Margaretta was hastening from the parlour; she was solicitous to hide her grief from the observation of the uninterested; but the stranger was close upon the heels of the servant, and not being able to make her escape, she withdrew to the window. The gentleman, the stranger, I say, entered; upon his features were imprinted the strongest marks of perturbed and tender anxiety, and, moreover, they were features, with which I was confident I had long been familiar, although for my soul I could not recollect at what time, or in what place they had met my view. On his part, fixing his inquiring eyes with impatient solicitude upon the face of my wife, and drawing up a deep sigh, he thus laconically apologized: Excuse me, madam, excuse me, sir; but my feelings disdain ceremony; the scrutiny under which the countenance of Mary passed, was soon performed, and Miss Clifford next engaged the attention of a man, who but for the benignant ascendancy, which was still conspicuous amid the most tumultuous agitation that I had ever witnessed, I should have concluded entirely deprived of reason. “You are lovely,” he exclaimed, addressing Miss Clifford; “but you are not the angel, at least I think not, of whom I am in pursuit. Tell me, Mr. Vigellius, tell me, ye incomparable pair, ye who have still continued the matchless guardians of my long lost, and unceasingly lamented Margaretta, what apartment in this happy dwelling contains my

“only surviving treasure?”—Margaretta, who had sought to hide her sorrow marked visage from the gaze of a stranger, now, lost in astonishment, mechanically, as it were, turning from the window, presented to his view her tearful face; she caught a glance, and faintly shrieking, would have sunk upon the floor, had not the stranger, whom we now regarded with a kind of indignant horror, snatched her to his embrace. Our resentments, however, soon gave place to all those joyful emotions which surprise, and the rapt sensations of the highest and most unexpected felicity, can originate. “Speak to me, my child, my love; it is a father’s arms that are at length permitted to enfold his Margaretta! Arbuthnot, thou shalt no more invade my rights; it is given me again to possess my child; all her beauteous mother stands confessed. Sainted spirit, this hour shall render thy elysian still more blessed.” Margaretta shrunk not from his embraces; strange as it may appear, her agitated spirit did not entirely suspend its functions, and while she seemed in the arms of the stranger an almost lifeless corse, her lips moved, and every lovely feature received an extatic kind of ejaculatory impression. Among the trinkets belonging to her mother, which had come into her possession upon the death of Mr. Arbuthnot, was a miniature picture of her father; perhaps there was not a single day upon which she did not gaze with filial devotion upon this picture. It was a striking likeness, and by its general contour her mind had become strongly impressed;—hence the effect produced by a single glance at the original, and it was a frequent observation of this picture, which had also sketched

sketched the countenance upon my imagination. At an interview so astonishingly interesting, not an individual was present to themselves; recollection, however, at length so far resumed its office, as to assist in leading Mrs. Hamilton to a sofa; and a flood of tears unlocking for her the powers of utterance, with a look of profound and dignified veneration, she quitted her seat, and suddenly kneeling before the honoured man, with clasped hands, broken accents, and in kind of a devotional manner, she perturbedly questioned—"Art thou a spirit blest, dispatched from heaven's high court, to soothe thy sorrowing child?—or art thou indeed my father? Hast thou never tasted death? and if thou hast not, by what miracle didst thou escape those tremendous waves, which we have supposed commissioned for thy destruction?"—Mr. Melworth, forsooth to say it was he, his very self, raised his kneeling child, and again clasping her to his paternal bosom, in strains of devoted tenderness, replied: "Be comforted, my love, be composed, my only treasure. I am indeed thy father; at a proper time thou shalt be made acquainted with every particular; and, in the interim, as I have been informed of thy embarrassed circumstances, know, that riches, more than thou canst want, are in my gift; thou shalt introduce me to thy worthy husband; I am apprized of the whole of thy sweetly interesting story, and thy happiness shall, if possible, be equal to thy merit." Margaretta, wild with transport, now raised her eyes and hands to heaven; the most extravagant and incoherent expressions of joy were upon her lips. "Then, he shall not go," she ex-

claimed—"Avaunt, ye brooding fiends that hover round the land of murder; ye shall not intercept the virtuous career of Hamilton; ye shall not presume to manacle those hands that have a thousand times been stretched forth to wipe the tear from the face of sorrow. Avaunt, ye hell-born fiends; Algiers, united for his destruction, shall not detain him; for lo a blessed father descends from heaven to save his well near sinking Margaretta."

Edward, who from the entrance of Mr. Melworth, had remained, as it were, entranced, or petrified by astonishment, roused by his fears for the reason of Margaretta, now coming forward, prostrated himself at the feet of Mr. Melworth; no one possessed sufficient composure to introduce him, but the mingling sensations of his almost bursting heart, inscribed on every expressive feature, failed not to announce him. Veneration, joy, gratitude, and apprehension, pervaded his soul.

But why continue a scene, which may perhaps be conceived, but which words can never delineate; our mutual congratulations, our mutual expressions of felicity, the best affections of which humanity is capable; the most rapturous sensations of delight; these were all in course, and these were all afloat.—But having already exceeded my limits, I will only add, that Edward will not proceed his voyage; that Margaretta is happy; that every creditor shall be amply satisfied; that I hereby advertize; let them produce their several claims, they shall receive to the last farthing; yea, and liberal interest too. Seymour, generous Seymour, if this magazine shall reach thee, before thou hearest from thy friend,

friend, know that the hour of thy emancipation is at hand ; and, gentle reader, for thy consolation, I give thee my word and honour, that the very next Gleaner, by recounting to thee every particular, relative to Mr. Melworth, which shall

come to my knowledge, shall, if it is within the compass of my power, amply qualify a curiosity, which thou needest not hesitate to own, and which I should have been mortified in the extreme not to have excited.

ERRATA—In the Gleaner of last month ; p. 376, 1st c. l. 4, for *is mingling* r. *inmingling*.

## ALEXIS : Or, The COTTAGE in the Woods.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

(Continued from the 272d. page.)

### PART FIRST.

ALEXIS is received in the Cottage.—The latter described.—Character of its Inhabitants.—ALEXIS relates his Adventures.

### CHAPTER VI.

LUXEMBOURG GARDENS, AND THE DUNGEON.

**T**HUS the sage lessons of my master took firm root in my heart, and I, no doubt for my welfare, acquired a reserved gloomy temper which gave him the highest satisfaction. He conceived so strong an attachment for me, as to promise to be for life the companion of his dear Alexis, if irresistible fate should not dispose otherwise.

My father came to see us regularly every three months, and let us want for nothing. Mrs. Delys died several years before : I gave tears to her memory, but at last, regretted her no farther than a respectable friend, who had served me as a mother in my infancy.

I was as happy as man can be, and hoped to enjoy my good fortune much longer, when fate, jealous of my peaceful days, begun the series of my misfortunes, by an event whose consequences seemed at first less terrible to me than they really proved afterwards.

I was fifteen, and had soon to study philosophy, when one day Mr.

Dumont received a note, which, to my terror, he read to me.

SIR,

Please to come to night to the gardens of Luxembourg palace and wait in the *Allée des Carmes*, where something of a very urgent nature shall be communicated to you.

Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1746.

Alone, if you please, by eight o'clock.

Judge of my surprize ! What could they want of Mr. Dumont ? He had no acquaintance. Who could be the writer of the note ? What could be the urgent business to be communicated to him ? Was it my father, who—but he could have come himself ! What uneasiness ! what cruel perplexity !

We waited with the greatest impatience for the end of the day, and although the unknown person required Mr. Dumont to come by himself, I begged the latter to permit me to accompany him, promising to walk upon the terrace during the time of their interview ; but he was so delicate, so scrupulous, that he would not consent to my proposal. In consequence, I let him depart, and waited for his return, in an agitation which I could not suppress, and like a man that waits for his doom.



He returned about nine o'clock, and the change I perceived in his countenance made me utter a piercing cry. The tears he endeavoured to withhold rolled down his eyes, whose redness indicated he had shed more; his voice was altered, he fixed his eyes upon me with an emotion of tenderness, was going to speak, but his tongue denied its office, and he could only press me in his arms. "Well, sir," said I, "what tidings do you bring for me?"—"None that will vex you," answered he, striving to conceal his grief. "Be of good cheer, if I shed tears, it is only because your father is absent, and we must miss him for some time." "What, my father?"—"It was he; I have seen him! Mr. Dumont, said he, I am obliged to go upon a very long journey. Take care of my poor Alexis! I entrust him to you: Restore him to me at my return. Let me find him prudent, modest, clever, and grateful! I set out, I tell you, upon a journey that will last perhaps—I cannot fix the period. I shall provide for you and him, but I insist upon his giving up his studies; let him quit the college of Navarre, and keep yourselves concealed in some obscure quarter of Paris, till I return. And here your father could go no farther; he gave me this large sum, and departed, recommending me the precious deposit with which he entrusted me."

Thus spoke Mr. Dumont, and I could not perceive in his countenance that air of assurance so peculiar to him, which was always a sure token of truth. "You deceive me," said I, "my dear preceptor, you conceal my misfortune? My father abandons me for ever!"—"There again, always extreme, and never confiding a characteristic

trait of yours! Why should he abandon you, have you deserved it?—Alas!—Well, my Alexis, believe a friend who speaks to you, a friend, who cherishes and will never suffer to be parted from you—no—never!"

He uttered these last words with such an emotion of sensibility, that I threw myself into his arms, and bedewed his breast with my tears. I could however see, that he hid something from me, but I would importune him no farther, persuaded that all his views tended to my happiness, and it required powerful motives to make him feign.

The very next day we left the college, which I quitted without regret, and rented an apartment in a house near the royal botanical garden. That lodging was neither fine nor convenient; and Mr. Dumont observed that we ought to be frugal, as my father, when at a distance, would not always find such easy means to send us remittances. I asked if he had promised to write. No doubt, answered he, can a father deny himself that comfort?

Mr. Dumont seemed always to dissemble, while my uneasiness became greater still. Nevertheless I kept silence, and was determined to yield to the power of fate.

From that very instant we changed our way of living; Vincent got his discharge, and we hired a female servant who was to follow our domestic concerns, and to dress our victuals. I also paid off and thanked my masters; so great, in short, was the change, that I firmly believed my father had abandoned me. I made often this observation to Mr. Dumont, who would then be angry, and always shewed me certain sums of money, which he said were brought him by some unknown person.

Thus

Thus a whole year elapsed, during which I continued my studies under Mr. Dumont, who was an excellent scholar. I begun to be a little easier; I had the same occupation and the same pleasures as before; that is to say, we took frequent walks in the fields, and visited almost daily the royal botanical garden in our neighbourhood, which we found very pleasant. The little wood in the center and the marshes that encompass the walls, reaching as far as the river, give it such a rural and solitary aspect, as made it, in my opinion, the finest garden in Paris.

During the second year of our residence in the same lodgings, Mr. Dumont began to cause me a most cruel uneasiness. He went out for the whole day, and only came to see me at meal hours, and at night, which time he employed to correct my exercises. He still continued tender and friendly, but his confidence and assiduity were much lessened; for my own part, I did not know where he went, as he seemed to make it a mystery, I dared not to venture the least question.

I perceived that his means were very low, that our domestic parsimony augmented, and that our expenditure diminished from day to day. I was very well dressed, when his clothes were in a shabby condition, and he almost denied himself the common necessities. I received no intelligence from my father. All this threw me into a state of languor, which brought on a very serious malady, of which I had like to have died.

It was then I had an opportunity to see all the affection and attachment Mr. Dumont professed for me: He would not leave the room for a minute, and sat up by me night and day for the long space of

three weeks, during which my illness lasted. How often did I entreat him to explain himself! He always answered I was much in the wrong, for creating myself a chimerical misery. All affairs had taken a much better turn, in short, I was upon the point of receiving a letter from my father; his wise counsels, his consolations, instilled, as it were, a precious balm into my senses, and I recovered completely.

I was scarcely out of danger, but he continued his late odd way of living. He even became less sedentary, and at last I missed him for whole days together. In order to increase my alarm, the servant maid thought to ingratiate herself with me by informing me that my preceptor left the house regularly every night, that as soon as he saw me asleep he would rise, and leave the house, and not return till five in the morning, and then go to bed.

Matters being come to such a crisis, I could no longer forbear my inquietude, and one day determined to bring him to an account for a conduct, as unnatural as irregular. Having fixed a day to make the overture of so delicate an affair, I waited for his return, when the same servant, came to me quite frightened, and addressed me in these dreadful words: "Ah!—sir!—your preceptor! pray run after him!—he has been arrested—he is in prison!"—"Heaven! and what has he done?"—"I don't know, people say it is for debt."—"For debt! ah, my God!"

I hastily waited upon the commissaire or justice of the district, and by him was informed, that the unfortunate Dumont had been dragged into a black dungeon for a note of hand of *five louis d'ors*, which he had not been able to pay.

Judge of my grief at these sad tidings.

tidings. I went immediately to the prison, and requested the jailor to open the dungeon in which my friend had been thrown, perhaps for my own sake.

What felt I at his sight! pale, bewildered, stretched over a mat, with no other light than that of a small spiracle!—O God! I cannot retrace the picture without horror.

I flew to his arms, and we mixed our tears—"Well," said I, sobbing, "cruel man, I see at last the fatal secret unravelled! We have lost all assistance, and you have involved yourself in ruin for me!"

"Ah! my worthy Alexis," exclaimed he, clasping me in his arms, "I endeavoured to conceal it long; but adverse fate has baffled my design. I will have you hear, and know the whole affair, but your lot is more to be pitied than mine.

The day I received the anonymous note, I repaired to the garden of Luxembourg, to the appointed spot. I had no sooner arrived, than a man, in great haste, came up to me. I knew him, it was your father; Mr. Dumont, said he, in a tone of grief, it is all over!—I am forced to it—I must abandon him."

"Whom, sir, that child, your son?"—"He is not my son! he causes all my misfortunes, and those of the most amiable, and most perfidious woman! In short, I will see him no more, neither ought nor can I! My dear Mr. Dumont, I know you are his friend, make him take the resolution to learn some trade; make him leave this country; in short, put him in a way of getting his livelihood, which to me would be the heaviest of burdens! Farewell, you shall see me no more! Never speak of me. Let him keep the secret of his birth; for a single word may cost him his life!"—

"What, my dear sir," cried I, prof-

trating myself, "can you be so hard hearted? Unfortunate boy!—Will you then have him die? He will die, he will surely die! Be his father, for he deems it his happiness to be your son!—Afflict him—protect him.—Alas!—he is so amiable, so virtuous!—Ah, sir, I embrace your knees, I bedew them with my tears; listen to compassion, to tenderness, and stifle not in your heart the cries of nature!"—"Dumont, you touch me, but I cannot—he is not my son! Did you but know!—Oh! how I am to be pitied! Farewel! Let him take care of his life, and do you the same; for my destiny is so dreadful as to make me the ruin of all those who come near me!"

These words made me shudder; I was going to answer; but he quickly put a purse in my hand, and vanished like a flash of lightning.

Judge of my astonishment, and grief. I ruminated most seriously upon what resolution I should take, and determined to conceal this cruel event, and live with you as long as possible, on the savings of your father's kindness, and the fruits of my own industry.

Fifty louis d'ors contained in the purse, and nearly that sum which we had saved, helped me to pay your quarter at college, to rent an apartment, to furnish it decently, I discharged Vincent, hired a maid, and prevailed upon you to pay off and quit your masters. Alas! in spite of all my parsimony, I found that, after a twelvemonth, I could only command twelve louis d'ors.

Foreseeing that we should soon be reduced to want, I resolved to give lessons in town, in writing and Latin; but of what service could it be? I had but a few pupils, and even those did not pay me! When you are on the brink of the abyss, eve-



ry one takes delight in pushing you into it! Your disorder, and the care which it demanded of me, made me lose all my scholars, and I was obliged to borrow the sum of five louis d'ors, which I obtained upon my note of hand; since that time I had done all in my power to discharge that obligation, but the necessity of a subsistence, hindered me from accomplishing my good purpose. I was, however, more industrious than before, for I worked night and day at a printer's, but earned so little, as would hardly fetch the common necessities of life, and hinder you from being aware of my miserable condition.

Now, my amiable Alexis, now I am deprived of liberty for a long time to come, what will become of you? Who is to take care of you? Who is to give you bread? Oh, lovely child, who has neither parents nor friends in this world, what will become of you?"

"O thou most worthy pattern of friendship," exclaimed I. "O thou boast of men! do you think I shall suffer you to remain in irons, with which I myself have loaded the best of friends?—No, think not that I shall have recourse to the vain pity of mankind! I am humbled by their generosity; and their favours, courted by baseness, would make me blush. Still, I have one resource left, a dear, a precious resource, but it will become still dearer and more precious, as it is to atone for the injuries I have done to you.—O my worthy tutor, I shall only quit you, to return and take you from this abode of horror."

Dumont, who understood that I meant the gold repeater enriched with diamonds, which my father had given me, strove, though in vain, to detain me. I hastened to a watchmaker's, who, after much

talk, paid me twenty five louis d'ors for a watch, that ought to have fetched twice that sum, and I came back to discharge my friend's debt, and to break his irons! Think of the joy I felt when we returned to our apartment! I was almost out of my senses; I took Dumont in my arms, and thanked heaven for the resource it left me in such an exigency.

Nevertheless my joy was followed by uneasiness, there was left no more than fifteen louis d'ors. What could we do with a sum so moderate? How could we subsist much longer? My Dumont would not make me any proposal to work, for fear of hurting my delicacy. I was sensible of his generous reserve. I intimated to him my having conceived a project of teaching music in town, which he sealed with his approbation. Music, said he, is an art one may teach without derogating; but, my dear Alexis, how unpleasant will you find it! You must prepare to put up with the caprice, haughtiness, and ill humours of a thousand people, who, destitute of every shadow of genius or parts, always blame their master for their own stupidity: Since they pay, they fancy that science and dexterity must be acquired without either trouble or application. Often they will tell you: But, sir, I have now learned so many months, and know nothing, while Mrs. N— is already a complete musician! It will be in vain for you to tell them Mrs. N— has stuck closer to the art, and that her utmost attention and docility have been always concerted to do honour to the lessons of her master. Ah! my Alexis, what a patience, what a politeness, what a gentleness is required of those who are desirous of instructing mankind in what science or art soever! I

pity

pity you, for being reduced to recur to a similar expedient ; but still, it is decent, genteel, and not unworthy of your education, make therefore the best use of it you can.

I promised to profit by his lessons, and we looked out on all sides for pupils ; but our searches were fruitless ; we both had not the least acquaintance ; we had always avoided society, and it was in the bosom of it alone, we could have found the object of our eager pursuit.

Our money being gone, we saw ourselves brought to the most dreadful misery. It was then, the most sad and dreadful ideas seized our mind. Death seemed to be the only remedy to our ills, we called it loudly, and it would finally have come to relieve us, had not a cruel event extricated us from our forlorn condition to plunge us in a state, a thousand times more deplorable.

In one of our morning walks in the royal botanical garden, a venerable grey head rushed by us, attended by a young man of about thirty, in whose countenance were painted gloominess and sorrow. The latter cast his eyes on me, and exclaimed with an irresistible transport : " It is he, my father, there he is ! oh, it is he ; these are the marquis's features."—" You don't say so," replied the old man.—" I would lay any thing," said the other, adding in a whisper, " there, we have him at last, that wretch whom we sought so long ! He shall perish.

Hereupon the two strangers left us quite stupified at this adventure, and so singular a retreat. " Dear Dumont," exclaimed I, shedding a torrent of tears, " I am lost—now my fate is determinated !"—"Softly, Alexis, despair not, my dear child ; astonishing as this adventure

is, it ought not to alarm you so much ; people will not be killed in that manner. Never fear, they will not cut your throat at home." " But, sir, what have I done, what have I done to those cruel men ? O heaven ! who will apprise me of my crimes ?"

Mr. Dumont was as much terrified as I. These strangers must therefore, have been some secret enemies who had conspired my ruin. It was from them I was to hide myself—but why ? What a cruel enigma.

We went home, where Mr. Dumont was of opinion that it would be necessary to decamp immediately from our lodgings, lest we should be discovered : But there was one difficulty : We had neither money nor means to procure us wherewithal to pay our rent. Only judge of our anxiety.

We spent the day in deadly fright : We projected twenty different expedients, rejected them successively, and night surprized us without having taken any resolution.

About midnight we heard several hard knocks against our street door : How our hearts beat then ! I fell senseless in Mr. Dumont's arms who was himself no less afraid. A lodger opened the street door, and informed us through the key-hole of our apartment that we were wanted.

Shall we open ? Shall we answer ? What is to be done ? At last Dumont shows a noble resoluteness, and is determined either to stand or fall in my cause, if any violence should be offered to me. He opens to let in the stranger : It was a servant, who, in a humble and respectful manner, begged us to be of good cheer, and said to us in a whisper : Quick, gentlemen, peruse this, and follow me.

O happiness! O unexpected favour! It is my father's, I know his hand writing.

"Imprudent Alexis! your father is still inclined to save your life, perhaps at this very moment you have disposed of his own. Follow this sturdy servant! Come, you will find me at Valence; and you, Mr. Dumont, leave not your pupil: I am in great want of you.

Away with scruples, depart instantly, or you are both undone."

This was no snare; we plainly knew my father's writing.—"Whither shall we," asked I of the servant.—"You shall soon see, only follow me."

This man having delivered a considerable sum with his message, we paid our landlord, and set out that very moment; a post chaise was waiting for us at a little distance, we got into it, and took the road to Valence.

Judge of the thoughts which revolved in our minds! My father waited for us at Valence. We were going to see him again: His letter denoted neither anger nor hatred. Complete happiness sparkled in our eyes; what a change, what a good fortune! But what could he mean by the epitaph *imprudent*? He said I had perhaps just been disposing of his own life. Alas! if I did, how can he accuse me?"

This was the uneasiness which perplexed us all the way to Valence. We were suspended between fear and hope. Our guide was silent, nor could we get from him the least idea of what we wanted to know.

We reached the city of Valence about eight o'clock in the evening, after a journey of three days. Our guide conducted us to a fine inn, where he inquired whether or not a gentleman of such a description, was arrived. A post boy then pre-

sent, answered in the negative, adding, that, to all appearance, it was the same gentleman whom he had left at Lyons, and as he could be but one post farther, he would arrive either that night or in the morning.

Hearing this, we resolved to go to supper, and then to rest ourselves, till Aurora should return with my father, and crown all my wishes. I don't know what a happy presentiment agitated our breasts. Mr. Dumont embraced and took me in his arms, saying continually, "Courage, my Alexis, we shall see him again. What a seducing picture offered itself to my senses. We shall be all one heart, one family! O my Alexis, receive my most sacred oath, I will never abandon you. Grant me always your confidence; and may I be equally fortunate to deserve that of your father."

I pressed him to my heart without giving any answer. Such were the flattering images that amused us till four o'clock in the morning, when the sudden rattling of a post chaise which stopped before the inn, roused us from our sweet reverie.

"It is he," exclaimed I, and we both run down stairs to receive him; but, O surprise, the moment I was flying to his arms, my father—O heaven! my father frowns at me most terribly, pushes me from him, bids us walk up stairs to a remote apartment of the house, and addressed me with the following horrible speech, which shall remain in my memory, to the last breath of my wretched being.

"You are not my son, sir, I told you so. I was weak enough to entertain that flattering error; but the blind is thrown off. To my misfortune you are born; and as such you have answered your end. Get thee far from me, unhappy lad



—I reject thee from my bosom. I disclaim, I forsake, and curse thee forever."

I trembled at these words, my spirits fled, and I dropped down senseless upon the floor. Far from giving me the smallest succour, the barbarous men—shall I proceed in this dismal story? O amiable hosts, you will be as much surprised as I was in that cruel moment! Suffer me for a moment to dry my tears: I feel they hinder me from going farther.

I remained in that condition for an hour; judge of my surprise, when I recovered my senses! My streaming eyes surveyed the apartment. My father and Dumont have left me; I see them not, where be they?

A woman, to whom I was indebted for the misfortune of opening again my eyes to the light, stands by me; she endeavours to comfort me. "Where are they, where are they?" "Alas, my dear child, they set out about three quarters of an hour ago."—"And gone! good God! and Dumont, Dumont too."

I shall not attempt to describe my situation: You may easily conceive it if your hearts are feeling and humane.—"Dumont! what he! traitor! has he forsaken me!"

I run down stairs, and made the whole house reecho with my woful lamentations. Every body assures me that Dumont and my father set out together in the same chaise, which had stopped with the latter before the inn. What a blow—a terrible blow!

Soon my grief ceded to sullen and settled despair; fits of rage succeeded it, and in spite of the assiduous care and consolation of those who surrounded me, I dropped down upon the floor, and rolled myself upon it; I swallowed the dust, and

put forth the most dismal cries; cries that would have moved the most flinty heart.

In this cruel state I remained till three o'clock in the afternoon; bereft of my senses, I could hardly see what was doing about me. "The poor lad," said they, "don't you see that it was his father and his preceptor; they have forsaken him. Oh, had we known it, they should not have got off so easy—But no, they go: Take care of him! we shall come back. How barbarous! What a pity at such an age, &c. &c."

My situation seemed to touch every body, and every body offered to relieve me, but I was far from accepting any succour. The master of the inn invited me to stay at his house: "I will give you some employment, my good friend; you shall not want for what is necessary. To be sure you won't be so well off as you was at your father's, for there is nothing like home, but after all, &c. &c." Every word he said thrust daggers into my heart. I resolved to rid myself of his importunities, and taking my baggage upon my back took leave of them all.

I left Valence, perplexed with the most dreadful thoughts, but making God and religion my shield, I soon repulsed those enemies which preyed upon all my senses, and I saw myself before the town of Romans at the decline of day.

Thus Alexis ended the history of his misfortunes, and Candour, Germain, and Clara, embraced and shewed him every token of the most exquisite sensibility.

A frugal repast was served up, and the remaining part of the day past in visiting the cottage and its premises, of which we shall give a more ample detail hereafter.

(To be continued.)

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.  
The REPOSITORY. No. XXI.

*Reflections in the manner of Hervey—occasioned by the death of an infant Sister, who had hardly completed her fifth year. October, 1775.*

**H**OW fleeting are all things here below ! What a changing state is this ! My sister, my darling sister, is forever gone ! Dear, lovely, and beloved promiser of joy, how strangely unmindful of birth, or of precedence hast thou been ! How hast thou taken the lead of thy elder, and outstripped her who was born before thee ! Innocent and deeply interesting bud of beauty, didst thou not behold the helpless hands of her who bore thee, thrown abroad in heart-affecting agony ? Didst thou not hear her exclaim—Gracious God ! and must I then lose her ? Must I lose this child also ? this child, who I fondly hoped would continue the prop of my declining years, the sweet companion of my aged life ? Didst thou not mark thy father—his speechless agony ? Didst thou not see the big tears roll adown his manly, his revered cheek ? And could nothing detain thee, that thou hast thus unkindly flown ? Pretty blossom—thou wast just opening to our delighted view ; daily did we discover many excellencies, many infantile charms—and fondly did we hope, one day to admire thy full growth of loveliness : We flattered ourselves that by degrees we should see the human blossom blow ; that every day, soft as it rolled, would add some new charm of virtue, or of beauty ; that we should see thy infant reason grow apace, and fix the generous purpose in thy glowing breast. But alas ! these pleasing prospects are now fled—forever fled—and we have resigned thee to thy parent earth ! Yes, these eyes have beheld the breathless clay of that endearing prattler, whose morn of life

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G

hath been to my solitary hours the most enchanting solace. How hast thou inverted the order of nature ! It is thou who should have watched over thy departing sister, who should have smoothed her dying pillow, and embalmed her by thy falling tears. But I have heard thy last parting sigh ; I have seen thy last gasp ; thy happy, thy privileged spirit, hath indeed taken its flight ; already thou hast joined the cherub train, which make up the infant nation of the blessed, and thou art now, doubtless, rejoicing in the regions of light. To the beauteous tenement that thou erst inhabited, we have discharged the last solemn rites, and it now sleeps quietly amid the congregation of the dead ! I beheld the surrounding monuments, and they were more in number than the surviving relatives who attended thy little remains. Here a long line of ancestors marshalled in solemn order ; thy immediate grand parents, in whose fond arms thou hast been so often pressed—there a knot of little kindred, like thee, early committed to their parent earth, and now silently resting in its bosom. Uncles and aunts croud around ; they departed in the bloom of life, when the high expectations which had been formed of them, were on the point of being crowned with fruition : But in the renovating day of the Lord, we shall again behold them—and then, too, thy little form shall rise resplendent to our view ; for it shall be dignified and adorned by the plastic and tender love of the Redeemer.

CONSTANTIA.

HISTORICAL

## HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

A MERCHANT humbly besought the German Emperor Rodolphus, to do him justice against an innkeeper in Noremberg, with whom he had left two hundred marks, and refused to restore it, saying, he received no such sum. The Emperor finding the merchant had no proof, but his own oath, of the delivery of the money to the innkeeper, who absolutely denied it, saw he must have recourse to art, to discover the truth: Having received from the merchant a description of the bag which contained the money, he ordered him to retire.—Soon after the principal men of the town, and the innkeeper, with the rest, presented themselves to pay their devoirs to his Imperial Majesty. The Emperor knew him, and being of an affable temper, fell a jesting with mine host, saying, “You have a very handsome hat; I like it; pray let us change.” The innkeeper being fond of the honour, immediately delivered the hat. The Emperor, pretending business, retired. By a trusty citi-

zen he sent the hat to the innkeeper’s wife, and required her, by that token, to send her husband such a bag of money, for he had present occasion for it. The woman made no hesitation, and the messenger returned with the money. The Emperor called in the merchant, and he joyfully owned the bag. The innkeeper was now called in; “this man,” said the Emperor, “complains that you have a design to cheat him of two hundred marks, that he gave into your custody to keep till he had occasion to employ it. What say you to the accusation? The host denied the charge, saying, the merchant belied him, or was out of his senses, for he never received any money from him. Then the Emperor produced the bag; at sight of which the host was confounded, and confessed the fault. The merchant received his money; the innkeeper was fined; and the fame of the Emperor’s wisdom, in detecting and punishing so base a fraud, run through all Germany. [Lips. Monit.



## DISCOVERY of a PURPLE DIE.

THE Purple Die was by accident discovered at Tyre. A dog having seized the fish Conchyle or Purpura, it was observed that he had dyed his lips with that beau-

tiful colour; an experiment was then made, and it succeeded. Purple became the royal colour, and for ages was worn by persons of the highest quality. [Heyl. Cosm.



## The INVENTION of GLASS.

THE making of Glass was first found out by the Cydonians, of certain sands on the side of a river, near Ptolemais, that were crusted into that luminous body by a hard frost, and afterwards made

fusible in that city. The art of making Glass was brought into England by one Benant, a sovereign Bishop, about the year of Christ, six hundred and sixty two.

[Full. Ch.

REVIEW.



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## R E V I E W.

*The History of the County of Worcester.* By Peter Whitney, A. M. Minister of the Gospel, in Northborough—300 Pages 8vo. Price, bound and lettered, Nine Shillings.

**I**N justice to the American Clergy, we cannot but remark, that the public is indebted to their exertions for a large proportion of our literary productions. *History, poetry, agriculture, grammar,* and many other topics, not immediately connected with the clerical profession, have, with the more sublime subject of Theology, shared the attention of that venerable order.

The County of Worcester, considering the local situation and the infancy of its settlements, may perhaps be thought insufficient to furnish interesting materials for a volume of this size. To supply this deficiency, unwearied exertions have been made by our author, and not without success. The progress of the civil and ecclesiastical state, and the improvements which have been made in husbandry, manufactures, and the various arts of civilized life, are marked with great apparent accuracy and impartiality.

The work commences with a recital of the Act of the General Court, which passed April 2, 1731, for erecting and forming the County of Worcester. The author then records the names of the Justices of the Courts of Common Pleas, Clerks, Sheriffs, Judges of Probate, Registers of Probate and Registers of Deeds, from the first establishment of the County to the present time; gives some general description of the County; and then proceeds to give an ecclesiastical and geographical account of the several towns in the County, beginning with the shire town, and then pro-

ceeding in the order of time, reference being had to the dates of their respective incorporations.

The plan of the work is, perhaps, liable to some exceptions. The *general description* of the County, which contains little more than the names of persons, who have been chosen Senators to the General Court, and Representatives to Congress, might, we think, have comprehended all the important geographical information, that now appears under the history of the several towns. In this manner, much repetition, particularly in the description of the quality and natural productions of the soil, might be avoided; and, by collecting the most important materials under distinct articles, as rivers, mountains, curiosities, manufactures, &c. the reader might be presented, at one view, with whatever is more *generally* interesting. For want of such general divisions, and a stricter regard to uniformity, an inquirer cannot easily avail himself of that information, which the work actually contains. For instance: The *boundaries* of Leicester and Sutton, are given under the *ecclesiastical* head; the distances of the towns from Boston and Worcester, are sometimes at the beginning, and sometimes at the end, of the geographical account; and the description of the Court House and Jail, which we should expect to find, either in the general description of the County, or of the town in which they are erected, is arranged under the article, *Registers of Deeds*.

As

As a second edition of the work will probably be required, we have thought proper to suggest these improvements to the consideration of the author, which, though they are not intended, nor necessary, to enhance the *intrinsic* value of the work, may facilitate the communication of that knowledge, which the author "intended to promote."

The *map*, prefixed to the volume, we think a very valuable acquisition. A small inaccuracy appears in the name of a river, in Brookfield; *Quinebaug* being put for *Quaboag*.

The following account of the religious sect, called *Shakers*, is taken from the ecclesiastical history of Harvard, in which town there is a considerable number of these extraordinary Christians. The language, in this extract, is pure and elegant; free from those *compound adverbs*, "herefor," "thereof," "thereunto," &c. which are too frequently to be found in some other parts of the history.

"THEY fixed themselves down in a corner of Harvard, where superstition and enthusiasm had considerably flourished under the auspices of one Mr. Ireland. A part of this man's followers kindled at this new torch of fanaticism, while the majority of these old fashioned enthusiasts at the sight of the shakers' distraction became more rational and sober. Since their beginning in Harvard, they have been continually making reforms in their sentiments, modes of worship, and manners. In a religious and political view, they have greatly meliorated. From gross indecencies in their rights and behaviour, they are become moderate and civil. Formerly they were indolent and troublesome in society; now they are the most industrious and peaceful members of the community. The number of shakers in Harvard is about one hundred and fifty. These are divided into three orders; or as they call them, *gifts*. The first of these orders consists principally of the youngest and fairest of them who are gathered. These are under the most rigid rules possible. They are never to see any of the

world's people, nor converse with them of the lower orders. All their actions, words and steps, are narrowly inspected by their spiritual teacher, who almost persuades them to believe that he is conversant with their thoughts. They of the first order are privileged with his oral addresses; to the others he usually communicates his monitions by a messenger.

"The second order is composed of them who are gathered, but who are more advanced in years, and otherwise less vigorous and alert in labour and in devotion.

"The lowest order are they who live about in families.

"Extreme simplicity in dress and manners characterizes this singular religious sect. They are neat in their apparel and furniture. The houses which they have erected in this town, are large and commodious, and approach to something like elegance. Their floors and stairs are all covered to prevent making a noise. They imitate the Moravians apparently more than any other denomination; particularly in their modes of government and subordination. They affect to be wholly under the dominion of the Spirit; and to crucify even the innocent desires of the flesh, inasmuch that they neither marry nor are given in marriage. So strict are they in their laws of abstinence from women, that the two sexes are not permitted to live in the same house, nor even to enter the same door. Instances of in chastity, especially among the governed, seldom or ever occur. The orders are under the most complete subjection to their leaders. The utmost precision and regularity are observed in their eating, sleeping, and working. Hence they are making quite rapid proficiency in the lower kinds of the mechanic arts; and such is their agricultural skill and perseverance, that they have reduced the most rugged and indomitable part of Harvard to a state resembling that of a garden.

"We conclude this account with only remarking, that it is not a little strange, that the leaders of this deluded sect, who certainly can claim no preeminence above ordinary men in point of capacity and improvement, should thus keep bound in servitude so great a number of their brethren in the very heart of New England. But it will be stranger still, if in such an era as this, the majority of the shakers, who now pant for liberty, should long continue in shackles of bondage to their elders."

CABINET



## CABINET OF APOLLO.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS  
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*A lover of poetry and friend to the Massachusetts Magazine, would be gratified by seeing republished in your poetic department,*

### "A POEM,

*Commemorative of GOFFE, WHALEY, and DIXWELL, three of the Judges of CHARLES I. who, at the Restoration, took refuge and died in America. By Philagathos."—It is a short American original, printed here about a twelvemonth since.*

WHEN mortals, once with wide dominion crown'd,  
And deck'd with gems and robes of pageant gold,  
Fond of their pomp, of tyranny as fond,  
Immers'd in wretchedness, our eyes behold;

We, who ere-while condemn'd their bigot pride,  
Their power's abuse, and usurpated  
In reason's scale their fatal influence weigh'd,

The mighty ruins pleas'dly survey.  
The individual's downfall and disgrace,  
(Howe'er deserv'd) our pitying hearts deplore,

But that the fall emancipates our race,  
Revives our feelings and excites us more.

Thus are th' infuriate lion's relics view'd,  
The late devastator of the uncultur'd plain,  
When now the common enemy's subdu'd  
And rustic heroes gore the monster slain.

Yet let gratify'd revenge be felt,  
(A flame too low) but philosophic scan,  
How fades puissance, how munitions melt  
Uprear'd against the rights of kindred man.

Thus fell the victors of the world, thus fell  
Proud Rome's proud lords successively

Soon as a fellow mortal durst rebel,  
Or mistle subjects were with thralldom cloy'd.

By fate, in every empire, despots thus  
Rise, are upheld, precipitately fall,  
While life subsists, the deprecated curse,  
At death, the execrated theme of all.

Hence efforts aim'd to effect a country sav'd  
From superstitious fears and scepter'd rule,  
On during monuments should be engrav'd  
And deep impress'd in ev'ry patriot soul.

The philanthropic, then, of every age,  
Shall bless the manes of Ankerström and Tell,  
Whose bow bade Gessler\* quit the human stage,  
And by whose whizzing ball Gustavus† fell.

Impassion'd

\* The tyrant had impaled his bat, and commanded obedience to be paid it as to himself. Tell was observed to pass without notice, and was sentenced, for the offence, to be instantly executed, unless with a bow, at a certain distance, he should cleave an apple upon the head of his son. A dexterously wielded arrow exempted him from the penalty, but being interrogated by Gessler for what a second was designed that remained in his girdle, he intrepidly answered, "For your heart, had I killed my boy." Hereupon he was imprisoned, but soon escaping, his weapon winged its way to the breast of his imperious master. This was at the commencement of the 14th century, from which period must be dated the liberty of Switzerland, for an enlightened party, by whom a revolt had already been planned, co-operated with Tell, with such wisdom and unanimity as, by gradually cementing the several cantons, eventually completed the Helvetic union.

† GUSTAVUS III. King of Sweden, was (in the beginning of 1792) assassinated by the pistol of Ankerström.——A dear sacrifice, on the altar of freedom, of both life and duty, for the welfare of his country.



Impassion'd we acquit their desperate rage,  
Excuse for its intent the lawless & deed,  
Devote the actors to a deathless page:  
And dedicate to *them* a cypress meed.

But if e'en these the grateful thought demand,

And almost he who Leopold's§ bane prepar'd,

What merit they, who for an injur'd land,  
The honours of a just dethronement shar'd?

Due veneration GALLIA's sons pursue,  
Whose high prerogative their king depos'd,

Revok'd the pow'rs that favourites would abuse,\*

Or sprang to fights and foreign contest clos'd.

Nor less a dignify'd respect be paid  
The no less firm though less successful band,

Who earlier in the opposite isle essay'd  
From servitude to liberate a land.

Shall simple prowess Alexander raise  
Above a WHALEY's, GOSSE's or DIXWELL's fame:

Whose head, and heart, and hand, demand the bays,

Though in oblivion's almost lost their name?

Thy feelings, BURKE, resent the injury  
And where DIXWELL† lies initials tell,  
Advise the marble-sculptur'd elegy,  
To rouse exertion in the youth of Yale.‡

‡ Only the nation can arm her representatives with the ax of justice, and her voice alone can vindicate the blow.

§ The death of LEOPOLD, late arbiter of Germany, was attended with circumstances that gave rise to suspicion of his having been poisoned, as instrumental of which the Jacobines were accused.

\* See in the manifesto of the National Assembly a defence of their motives in depriving LOUIS XVI. of even the executive authority.

† Upon his grave stone, at New Haven, the following inscription is yet legible. "J. D. Esq. deceased March 18th. in the 82d. year of his age, 1688."

‡ Mr. Burke, chief justice of South-Carolina, in a letter to Dr. Stiles, president of Yale College, proposes a superscription to erect a monument to the memory of three judges, who, for twenty or more years, lived in concealment and distress in America. "Such a monument," says he, "in front of your college, where DIXWELL lies, would be to the youth, a good lesson, and conspicu-

The mind automatically never moves,

Its impetus is emulation's force;

The exemplar as a central bias proves  
To which as nearer swifter is its course,

Yes, let a stone (for now no tyrants check)

Uprear'd upon the rod that clothes *his* grave,

To every eye their common virtues speak—  
How ardent toil'd—where rest the good and brave.

Then who shall approach their honour'd shrine, [free,

For freedom's friends erected by the  
Shall sigh with pathos, "Their deserts be mine, [me."

"And such posthumous tribute paid to

And hence a juvenile unnotic'd muse,

Who erst essay'd surviving merit's praise;  
With feeble strength, but right-directed views,

To celebrate departed worth essays.

COLUMBIA, sure thy offspring, ne'er ingrate,  
One clear exception to the rule display—

The commons in each democratic state

Disown, or know their fautors but a day.

Thy public voice wipes off the opprobrious fame, [dead—

Thy homage rendered to the illustrious  
The new world bears its first discoverer's name,

And next our FABIVS, still, is ADAMS† read.

To gallant GREENE‡ a statue you inscribe;  
MONTGOMERY‡ finds a consecrated bust—

Cognominal§ thy climes with men alive,  
Or oft-sung sages now reduc'd to dust,

Yet

our example, that the fame of great men, who undergo hazards, and suffer in the cause of public freedom, is not to perish utterly; though the world and its affairs may change; though generations of men, and years, and ages, pass away; yet, after all, a rewarding Providence may, out of some circumstance or other, procure a resurrection to their reputation, and guard it from oblivion."

\* See Columbian Centinel, No. 31. Vol. XV.

† Re-elected vice president by 73 votes of 123 electors.

‡ Greene, Montgomery, and other deserving characters, have monuments erected them, by order of Congress, in the city of New-York.

§ Many counties, towns, forts, &c. in the United States are called after our present or past benefactors.

Yet scarce are mention'd in the historic  
page

Thy mother Britain's best deserving  
sons,  
Who, fled from fate, and second Charles's  
rage,  
Retorted hither—here repos'd their  
bones.

These e'en for thee beneficently strove  
The last born province of the parent  
isle,

Since every ill they labour'd to remove,  
With equal influence, reach'd thy infant  
soil.

Dark was the day when James the first  
was thron'd;

The Church impos'd, the State impell'd  
the load:

Laics beneath severe oppression groan'd;  
A cleric burden, and a regal goad:

The first succeeding Charles increas'd the  
weight,

LAUD, his fell vicar, adds a galling  
chain;

The servile herd as duty durance rate,  
And crouching still their manacles sus-  
tain.

To wish the hand disarm'd that caus'd  
their smart,

None then (profane'st sacrilege!) was  
found—

As soon might surgeons think to extract  
a heart,

Or amputate, *for health*, a head unsound.

But now a few, above the vulgar throng,  
Dar'd to decide, as better reason  
taught;

That e'en a king may perpetrate a wrong—

And strove to found their theory of  
thought.

With gradual progress, intellectual light  
Spread o'er the nation partially re-  
form'd,

And every breast convinc'd of Nature's  
right,

With zeal to vindicate her titles warm'd.

As still the despot more despotic grows,

The sages, in legislative divan,

With strenuous ardour his designs oppose,  
To prince and people urge the rights  
of man.

*effects.* What is here asserted, the following  
position (from the *Boston GAZETTE* of January  
28, 1793) may serve to illustrate: "Garrisons  
"are at Fayette, Hamilton, Steuben, Knox, Tam-  
"many, Telfair, Harmar, Franklin, Jefferson,  
"and St. Clair."

The maniac monarch drives the realm to  
war;

Civilian || chieftains lead against the  
For claims aggriev'd the associates bravely  
dare—

To guard and guarantied transmit them

To parliamentary force the royal yields;

The captur'd sovereign plights his sol-  
emn faith,

Persidious\* still his own destruction seals

And judges delegate subscribe his death.

Majestic sat the grand supreme assize;

The proxied Commonwealth compos'd  
the Court: †

Thus (legal penalty) the traitor dies,

Doom'd to the block, the dernier sad  
refort.

But efforts, hitherto successful, fail;

A day destroys what scarce an age had  
gain'd—

A venal troop the Senate house assail, ‡

And absolute the sham Protector  
reign'd.

Ah, recreant versatile! to honour lost!

Thy comrades, Cromwell, felt a wor-  
thier fire;

A beacon thou, on bleak ambition's coast,  
To those who thus unenviedly aspire.

Clos'd thy short rule; the second Charles  
restor'd [to view,

Thy lifeless frame in chains expos'd §

But fury on his corse, for terror, pour'd

Vindictive too, the virtuous judges flew. §  
The

|| Most of the leading members of Parliament  
sustained, in the civil war, considerable military  
offices: Goffe was a Major-General, Whaley a  
Lieutenant-General, and Dixwell a Colonel.

\* Pretending concession to constitutional gov-  
ernment, he was aiming to escape; and taking  
measures to enforce his arbitrary purposes. His  
wife, meanwhile, was exerting herself abroad, to  
procure an army for his re-establishment.

† A tribunal of eighty appointed by Parlia-  
ment.

‡ A plan was pre-concerted. The Parlia-  
ment had rejected the petition of Cromwell's, which,  
when he presented it, he knew would be denied.  
Upon this, in a disssembled rage, he entered the  
House and ordered their dissolution; while 300  
soldiers by whom he was attended executed his  
command. The act abolished the new formed  
republic, and concentrated their authority in him-  
self alone.

§ § At the accession of Charles II. the body of  
Cromwell was taken from the grave, hung in  
gibbets,

The intrepid martyrs cruel vengeance  
brave,  
And tortur'dly-expiring bless their  
God,  
For having toil'd their country's laws to  
save,  
And that for principle they spent their  
blood.

But more magnanimous a noble few  
Resolv'd a while to quit the ensanguin'd  
shore,  
(Nor drove to desperation) hop'd to view  
The entire exclusion of monarchic  
power.

*gibbets, and then re-interred beneath the gallows.  
At the same time, ten of the judges were executed,  
with all the torment barbarity could inflict, which  
they bore to the last with stoic fortitude.*

(Remainder next month.)

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

*Bid the blest scenes of promis'd peace arise,  
Heal the sick mind, and close the sleeping eyes.*

ANON.

#### STANZAS TO MENTAL PEACE.

*Written in May, 1794.*

ENOUGH to sorrow's rending sigh is  
paid,  
So pale DESPAIR, I quit the morbid  
reign—

Come to my heart, thou hope-inspiring  
maid,  
And bring the guiltless pleasures in thy  
train.

Sweet PEACE OF MIND! thou long exclud-  
ed guest,  
I feel thy power, and hail thy courted  
sway;

Thy saving hand shall heal this wounded  
breast,  
And wipe the unavailing tear away.

No more the phantom of each waking dream  
Wastes my pale cheek, and rolls my vac-  
cant eye,

Nor yet obscures the morn's benignant  
beam,

And bids the momentary slumber fly.

No more the effort of the indignant mind,  
With firm resolve endures the treach'rous  
dart;

Returns with sorrowing look the glance  
unkind,

And veils with patient smiles the break-  
ing heart.

Nor shall hard "MEMORY" with destroy-  
ing arm,

To the torn breast the cruel shaft restore,  
That pierc'd the pulses of each youthful  
charm,

And sunk the treasures of the golden hour.

Nor yet shall desperate sorrow's dire ex-  
treme,

From my full soul the tasteless viands  
bear;

And with the temperate beverage of the  
stream,

Blend the deep anguish of an hopeless tear.

But cold indifference shall to SENSE suc-  
ceed,

Thro' the brac'd nerve the vivid currents  
play;

The brain shall cease to throb, the heart  
to bleed,

And pitying scorn the sneer of pride repay.

For peace is mine, which brings the soul  
repose,

Unsolled truth, and virtue unsubdu'd;

The blest oblivion of relentless foes,

The wish, the hope, the purpose to be good.

Then I will wreath me with the flowers  
of spring, [tire,

To the green grove with alter'd heart re-  
To thee, calm power, unwonted offerings

bring,  
And PEACE, sweet PEACE, shall tune the  
breathing lyre.

SERENA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

#### The FADED ROSE.

YON Rose, that bloom'd with tincture  
bright,

That shed its od'rous sweets around,  
And smiling with the orient light,  
Diffus'd its beauty on the ground:

That gave its fragrance to the air,  
And waving kiss'd the gentle breeze;  
And though it gave, appear'd still fair,  
Still yielded nectar to the bees.

But blooming with uncommon pride,  
And blushing with the rain-bow's hue,  
Upon the foliage by its side,  
That glitter'd with the morning dew.

A fair that watch'd her fleecy flock  
Beside the bending poplar shade,  
And resting on a mossy rock,  
Espy'd it waving in the glade.

Eager to seize the envy'd rose,  
And with it deck her glowing breast;  
She left her charge, forsook repose,  
And pluck'd it from its thorny nest.

That



That instant droop'd its spreading leaves,  
And soon its beauteous colours fled;  
In vain Cecelia's bosom heaves;  
For with its charms the rose is dead.

So the fair damsel in her prime,  
That blooms with all the pride of May,  
Feels the corroding hand of time,  
And all unconscious fades away.

ALCADOUR.

*For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.*

Reflections of a MURDERER while  
in Prison.

WRECK'D with the tort'ring thought  
of death,

And griev'd at my offence;  
I rue the day that gave me birth,  
And curse my want of sense.

Shame and remorse torment my breast,  
And wet my face with tears;  
When'er I close my eyes to rest,  
My murdered friend appears.

Thro' all the gloomy night I lie,  
And pine away with grief:  
The morning dawning in the skies  
Affords me no relief.

I hear the mirthful youth rejoice,  
As in the streets they pass;  
They never knew affliction's voice,  
Nor sigh'd in keen distress.

Once I could join the merry throng,  
And taste their pure delight;  
But now all sports my griefs prolong,  
And gloomier make the night.

Once I could hail returning spring,  
And see its beauties rise;  
Could hear the winged songsters sing,  
While glory deck'd the skies.

Though now the blooming spring return,  
To me no joy it brings;  
I see no beauties in the morn;  
For me no songster sings.

Drear horror all around me reigns,  
And melancholy gloom;  
The grating clank of pris'ner's chains  
Sounds hollow thro' my room.

The breeze hums sullen thro' the wall,  
And mocks my sorrowing sigh;  
On heaven for peace and rest I call—  
But heaven derides my cry.

Soon the sad fatal day will come  
To end my wretched life,  
To seal my everlasting doom  
And close this scene of strife.

*Vol. VI.*

Ah, dreaded day! when I must fall  
A victim to the laws;  
When I must bid adieu to all  
And die without applause.

Yet why repine?—no friends have I—  
Should death delay his hand,  
'Twould but increase my misery,  
And stain my native land.

Then swift approach, thou awful day!  
And ease me of my pain:  
O take me from the world away,  
And I'll no more complain.

LINUS.

*For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.*

OSCAR: A FRAGMENT.

*Verfified from the Poems of Ossian, an ancient  
Gallie Bard.*

By the Same.

PERMIT, ye heroes, me to join  
In glory's cause th' embattled line  
Of Inisthona's distant plain—  
If Oscar there in youth is slain,  
No sad report shall reach your ear  
To start the fond paternal tear:  
Some gen'rous bard may sing my fame,  
And give to future time my name.  
And oft the stranger maid may come  
To drop her tears on Oscar's tomb;  
And rear'd amidst the social throng,  
May call their minds to Oscar's song.

Son of my fame, the king return'd,  
Whose heart with youthful ardour burn'd,  
The noblest of my ships prepare,  
And haste to Inisthona's war—  
Preserve the glory of thy race,  
As yet unfulfilled by disgrace—  
Let Inisthona's heroes see  
Thy fire's and grandfire's soul in thee—  
In battle rage, as tempests wild,  
In peace, as evening suns be mild—  
Go, haste to war and raise your fame,  
That I may glory in thy name.

Quickly they lift the belling sail,  
And court the favours of the gale—  
The foamy billows lash the shores,  
And loud the strength of ocean roars.  
Swift o'er the waters Oscar moves,  
And soon espy'd the land of groves,  
In Rana's bay moor'd all the ships;  
To Annir quick the hero trips.

Join Fingal's sword—the hero rose,  
His breast with youthful ardour glows—  
Down his wan cheek the tears descend,  
He calls to mind his ancient friend—  
When Agandecca's powerful charms  
Roused the heroes twice to arms,  
While distant round the mighty stood,  
And as of ghosts the battle view'd!

Said

H

Said Annir, now my strength's decay'd,  
 And useless hangs the faithful blade,  
 With which in battle erst I rose,  
 And scatter'd terror thro' my foes,  
 With which——but now, alas! 'tis vain  
 To call those youthful scenes again—  
 I stand, by time's all-conquering stroke,  
 Pale, wither'd, like the mountain oak,  
 Which blasted by the lightning's fire,  
 Remains the mark of heaven's ire—  
 No son remains, my name to bear,  
 And soothe my age with tender care—  
 No son my first approach to hail  
 To Inithona's echoing vale—  
 O'er Hegan's tomb the hoarse winds roar;  
 And blooming Rura is no more.

Fast flow'd the tear from Annir's eye,  
 And frequent bursts the swelling sigh—  
 O when, he cries, shall youth return!  
 When shall my soul in battle burn!  
 When shall the foe in terror feel,  
 Thy Oscar's strength in Ossian's steel!  
 Come, streams of Cona, haste along,  
 And list awhile to Ossian's song—  
 With glory's flame his passions burn,  
 And all the joys of youth return.  
 Thy lofty towers, before my eyes,  
 And thy broad oaks, O Selma! rise—  
 Thy rivers to my ear resound—  
 Thy fearless heroes gather round—  
 Great Fingal sits amidst his friends,  
 And o'er the shield of Trenmor bends—  
 He hears his bards in songs proclaim  
 His matchless deeds—his youthful fame.

Young Oscar from the chase return'd—  
 The hero's praise his bosom burn'd—  
 Down from the wall with furious look  
 The youth the shield of Branno took—  
 Red glow'd his cheek, and in his eyes,  
 The tears of shame incessant rise.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### LE BOUQUET.

*Written by a Lady, on a Gentleman's presenting  
 her with a Cluster of Lilies, in which there  
 chanced to be just thirteen.*

TO Strephon, gentle Strephon,  
 I tune the jocund lay,  
 And gaily sing  
 The pride of spring,  
 Sweet lilies of the May.

Fair inmates of the garden,  
 Of sweet enchanting mien,  
 Whose charms outvie  
 The Cyprian boy,  
 Or e'en the Paphian queen,  
 Around one stock all-clustering,  
 The beautiful fair ones meet,

And as they bloom  
 With choice perfume,  
 The favour'd wanderer greet.  
 Sweet emblems of the union!  
 Where thirteen sisters blend  
 In radiance bright  
 Their glorious light,  
 Till time's career shall end.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### JEHOVAH!

*Bless the Lord, O! my soul.  
 Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him;  
 Talk ye of all his wondrous works.*

PSALMS CV.

THE rural bard awakes the living lyre,  
 And tunes the sacred harp to sacred  
 praise,  
 Celestial muses fan th' immortal fire,  
 And breathe luxuriant on my youthful  
 lays.

For an almighty theme inspires my soul,  
 Which I attempt with rev'rence and  
 with love;

'Thou, heavenly poesy, attend the whole;  
 Attend and paint the majesty of Jove.

In yonder sun-deck'd car, whose golden  
 rays [night;

Pierce thro' the dark profound of sable  
 And with Aurora to the world displays  
 Jehovah's goodness, and Jehovah's  
 might.

In that bright car perfection's self appears;  
 The Deity himself directs the reins,  
 And sheds his influ'nce on revolving years;  
 And sheds his lustre on the verdant  
 plains.

Sweet, smiling innocence, adorns his way;  
 Wisdom and health wide spread the  
 road; [play

And meek eye'd charity her charms dis-  
 Around Jehovah's great and blest abode.

His care's incessant as himself is great;  
 His goodness goes beyond the stretch of  
 thought; [fate,

His healing hand unstrings the bow of  
 And in his mercy we his power are  
 taught.

His dome is space; his temple is the air;  
 His courters wind; but thunder is his  
 voice; [pair;  
 His anger lightning, and his frown def-  
 But when he smiles, created worlds re-  
 joice.

Such is the Lord, the Lord supremely  
 good,

The great Jehovah, the eternal One;  
 Ador'd

ador'd and worshipping ere the swelling  
flood; [enly sun.  
Ere seen bright beaming thro' his heav-  
Before him Angels and Archangels bow;  
Seraphs and Cherubims their faces veil:  
Nay, suns and stars before him cease to  
glow, [turn pale.  
And at his brightness with the moon  
ALCADOUR.

## LURKING LOVE.

By Mrs. Piozzi.

WHEN Lurking Love in ambush lies  
Under friendship's fair disguise;  
When he wears an angry mien,  
Imitating spite or spleen;  
When, like sorrow, he seduces;  
When, like pleasure, he amuses;  
Still, howe'er the parts are cast,  
'Tis but Lurking Love at last.

## FRAGMENT.

BRIGHT glow'd her mind with vir-  
tu's radiant beam,  
While baleful slander try'd to blast her  
fame, [keen,  
And envious malice hurl'd his arrows-  
To rob her of her unpolluted name.  
Within her breast fits sympathy enflur'd,  
Where virtue pure and love untainted  
flows,  
With all the tender passions that the mind  
Of virtue, uncorrupted, ever knows,  
Her lib'ral hand the wand'ring poor re-  
liev'd,  
While from her eye the tear of pity falls;  
Not with more joy the wretch hears his  
reprieve, [ury's" call.  
Than does her hand relieve "chill pen-  
Friendship's a passion that her mind re-  
veres,  
All prudish airs her noble soul disdains;  
Nor coxcomb's vows, nor fawning flatt'rer  
hears,  
But scorns their arts with dignity of mein.  
Snatch'd from her bounteous hand her  
fortune was, [guish flow;  
Which made her gentle heart with an-  
While hard oppression, with its iron laws,  
Sanction'd the deed which cost her heart  
its wo.

When those corrosive tho'ts annoy'd her  
breast, [ply'd;  
A brother's hand compassion's balm ap-  
And reason, virtue, with their native peace,  
Calm'd that fierce whirl—the intellectual  
tide.

When first I knew her love commanding  
form,  
Aw'd by a power instinctively within,  
I look'd with rev'rence, not contemptuous  
scorn,  
And vow'd eternal friendship in my mind,  
But poignant pain her vitals now corrode,  
To snatch away that beauteous youthful  
bloom,  
And leave that form, fair virtue's blest  
abode,  
To moulder in that yawning cave—the  
tomb.  
Ye powers above! preserve her precious  
life,  
Nor let her radiant sun go down at  
noon,  
Protract her years, and stay the fatal knife,  
Nor crop the opening flower ere it is  
bloom'd.

G. S.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## A FRAGMENT.

WHERE modest nature and mild pity  
dwell,  
The lovely tenants of the rural dell,  
From pomp and vice and enmity afar,  
And all the horrors of rude passion's war,  
Calm in a cottage by *Industry* rear'd,  
That honest wight that never sigh'd nor  
fear'd,  
Alike a stranger to deceit and woes,  
Whose *days* of labour earn his night's re-  
pose,  
I went my way—Guide me propitious  
heaven!—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Ah! thou that seek'st to find the flowery  
dell,  
Where modest virtue and mild pity  
dwell,  
Think not that heaven invests poor man  
with power,  
To view their peaceful cot or ivy woven  
bower!  
*Virtue* and *pity* from the world are driven,  
Since *vice* has grown so popular and thriv-  
en,  
And *happiness*, who never lives without  
them,  
Has flown to scatter joy's gay flowers  
about them.—  
Thy search forbear, lest heaven that search  
resent,  
And take from earth its last, best gift, con-  
tent,  
The only blessing which can e'er atone,  
For peace and happiness and virtue gone!  
Sententious



.....  
 Sententious thus, the muse sedate reply'd,  
 I felt her reasoning and conviction sigh'd.  
 Far from the noisy seats of busy life,  
 From envy's rancour and ambition's strife,  
 Securely shaded in a reverend wood,  
 Deep in a vale my humble cottage stood—  
 In days of pleasure pass'd my rosy youth,  
 For in our vale dwelt innocence and  
 truth.—

But ah! the flowers that wanton'd in the  
 breeze,

And the green foliage of the spreading  
 trees,

And all the charms that deck'd the ver-  
 dant vale,

Were wildly scatter'd by the brumal gale!  
 Adown the hoary mountain's craggy side  
 The impetuous torrent roll'd its ruthless  
 tide,

From cliff to cliff in foaming fury roar'd,  
 And o'er the affrighted vale a SEA OF RUIN  
 POUR'D!

The cot, where once the rural graces play'd,  
 The oak which lent the village train a  
 shade, [found,

A friendly shade, where to the tabor's  
 The village youth would dance in many a  
 round;

The modest spire which time had blanch'd  
 so fair,

And crown'd the house of PIETY AND  
 PRAYER,

While pealing thunders shook the soul  
 with dread, [spread.

The wild deep whelming deluge over-

Alas! when cruel memory to my view,  
 Restores the awful day—the scenes I  
 knew— [smil'd,

Gives to my eye the cot where pleasure  
 The fertile fields where LABOUR laugh'd  
 and toil'd,

Where every zephyr breath'd the balm of  
 health,

AND PLENTY'S BOUNTY MADE CONTENT  
 OUR WEALTH.

My sorrowing heart unnumber'd griefs  
 corrode,

And misery makes my bosom her abode.  
 Few were my friends whom Heaven was  
 pleas'd to spare

To drag along a tedious life of care,  
 To seek for pleasure and for peace in vain,  
 And strive to rest resign'd to all our pain,  
 To lull with feeble hope our woes and  
 fears,

And pray for calm content with ceaseless  
 tears!—

THE WANDERER.

To the Editors of the Massachusetts Maga-  
 zine.

GENTLEMEN,

If you deem the following Extract worthy a  
 place in your Cabinet of Apollo, you will  
 oblige a constant reader by giving it a place.

T—s.

### On the Death of a Young LADY.

"THE friend of GENIUS and of TRUTH,  
 Here rests beyond the reach of PAIN:  
 Here beauty lies, and blooming youth—  
 Reflect, ye GIDDY, and ye VAIN!

Why need the sculptur'd stone declare  
 That LOVE and FRIENDSHIP held her dear,  
 Since NONE who knew her could forbear  
 The silent, but EXPRESSIVE tear."

Worcester, 1794.

### A SPINSTER'S ORIGIN.

TO spin with art in ancient times has  
 been

Thought not beneath the noblest dame or  
 Queen;

From that employ then, maidens had the  
 name

Of spinsters; which the modern seldom  
 claim.

But since to cards each damsel turns her  
 mind,

And to that dear delight is more inclin'd,  
 Change the fair name of spinster to a  
 harder,

And let each maiden now be call'd a car-  
 der. [Lady's Mag.

### The CLOWN'S REPLY.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

JOHN TROTT was desir'd by two wit-  
 ty peers,

To tell them the reason why asses had  
 ears?

"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not  
 given to letters,

Nor dare I pretend to know more than  
 my betters,

Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see  
 your graces,

As I hope to be sav'd? without thinking  
 on asses."

### EPIGRAM.

A. HOW does GREAT BRITAIN, mistress  
 of the deep?

B. Softly! don't make a noise—SHE'S FAST  
 ASLEEP!

MONTHLY

## MONTHLY GAZETTE.

*Summary of Foreign Intelligence.***AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS.**

BRUSSELS, APRIL 1.

**T**HE heavy artillery has been drawn out from the arsenal at Mechlin, and every preparation has been made to ensure success in our future operations against the enemy; but the campaign will not be opened on our side, before the return of the Archduke Charles from Vienna. General Pichegru is employed in establishing a camp at Cambray, which is to contain 80000 men. This circumstance has occasioned some movements on the part of the combined army, but nothing, excepting a few slight skirmishes, has as yet taken place.

April 10.—Yesterday the Emperor was received in this city amidst the most triumphant acclamations. He has announced a general amnesty, and assured the states that he will not leave the Netherlands until all the differences, between the sovereign and subject, are accommodated.

April 11.—Since Tuesday 1200 waggons have passed through this city for Valenciennes loaded with warlike stores only.

The Hanoverians have experienced a second loss near Warwick; a company of the 5th regiment has been cut to pieces or taken.

**G E R M A N Y.**

FRANKFORT, APRIL 6.

The important event we have so anxiously expected, has been brought by a Courier from Berlin; and field Marshal Mollendorf has received orders not to divide, for the present, the Prussian army in the environs of Mentz; but to maintain his position until his Majesty shall transmit to him his final determination.

This change in the disposition of the Prussian cabinet has been produced by the concession of the diet of the empire, and the Imperial court; and by the negotiations and splendid offers of a particular member of the coalition. An interview will speedily take place at Bonn, between the Emperor and the King of Prussia. The French armies of the Rhine and Moselle have been considerably weakened lately, on account of the large detachments that

have been sent to the armies of the north.

Brigadier Madalinski with his adherents has been in Sendomiria, to propose a confederation to save his country. The nobles said, if any foreign power would assist them, they would make his a common cause. Madalinski then marched farther, and will no doubt be speedily surrounded by the Russians and Prussians. The Polish brigade, Walefski, commanded by Brigadier Manget, has been attacked by the Russians near Optatoff, who killed 113 men, and took 70 prisoners.

An engagement has already taken place in the Polish Woywodship of Sendomiria, between Madalinski and the Prussians, in which a great number of men were killed on both sides.

**F L A N D E R S.**

MENIN, APRIL 6.

Yesterday afternoon the French, in two columns, of 300 men each, infantry and cavalry, advanced between Warwilk and Bosbeck, and attacked a post placed in the wood, composed of fifty York chasseurs and thirteen British hulans, under the command of Capt. Nehomer, of the York chasseurs. The Capt. seeing himself attacked by so superior a force, took an advantageous position, and then ordered his men to let the enemy advance, make only one discharge on them, and then charge with their bayonets. This manœuvre was seconded by the hulans, and had the best success. The French retreated, left 36 men on the spot, and carried off a number of prisoners. Our loss was only two York chasseurs killed and wounded, one hulan wounded, two horses killed, and one wounded.

**H O L L A N D.**

LEYDEN, APRIL 8.

By the latest letters from the Rhine, it appears, that the Prussian troops are continuing their march home, and that only the contingent, consisting of twenty thousand men, remains on the Upper Rhine. The reports of counter orders having arrived to the Prussian troops are unfounded; but it is true that General Mollendorf

dorff delayed their marching until the 29th of March in consequence of information brought by a Col. Fischer from Vienna, that it was presumed, in consequence of arrangements making between the Emperor and King of Prussia, that orders would speedily arrive from Berlin, for the Prussian troops to continue their employment for the common defence of the empire. There is, however, little expectation of the latter, when we consider the declaration of his Prussian Majesty to the German empire.

#### OSTEND, MAY 1.

Menin was taken by storm yesterday. It is said that all the emigrants, with La Chatre, their Colonel, were put to death. The garrison consisted of about 3000 men.

The eighth regiment of the Irish light dragoons who set out yesterday to join the Duke of York's army, returned this morning.—All the transports are preparing to go out by this tide, if possible, as it is strongly suspected that the French intend to pay us a visit.

#### IRELAND.

##### DUBLIN.

By a letter from Genoa, of a very recent date, it appears, that French liberty begins to make advances in that Republic.—The Senator Guistiniani has opened the way to what he calls a general reform.—In the grand council, he delivered a very energetic speech, which he closed by a proposition of a forced loan, and the establishment of a commission, charged with the revival of the Genoese consti-

tution, and with the reform of its abuses.—His first proposition was agreed to, and the loan was fixed at a million : The second was deferred to another sitting.

#### ENGLAND.

##### LONDON.

##### *Declaration of the King of Prussia.*

The King of Prussia, by a declaration dated March 13, enters into a detail of the causes which induced him to become a member of the coalition against France; which was the preservation of the German empire from the encroachments of the French.—His Majesty then mentions the efforts he has made in the cause, the blood and treasure he has expended, the ill return he had received for his assistance, and the false representations which had been made respecting his motives and views.—He next mentions the demands which he had made of a subsidy and the supply of his armies, by the Circles, the most exposed to danger, and which reaped the most benefit from the defence, complains of the evasive measures taken, respecting these demands, and finally says, "After what is past, every hope of assistance being coded to, being now vanished, his Majesty does now renounce the same, and also every resolution of the empire, and on the circles relative thereto.—His Majesty has, therefore, taken the resolution, no longer to grant his protection to the German Empire, but to order his army (except twenty thousand Auxiliaries according to different treaties) instantly to return to his own dominions."

## DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

### *ANSWER of the SENATE to the GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.*

THE following Answer to the Speech of His Excellency the Governor, was voted, and ordered to be presented.

*May it please your Excellency,*

THE Senate participate with you the satisfaction you express in the continuance to the citizens of this Commonwealth, of that important portion of their sovereignty, the right of choosing such persons as they judge best qualified to administer their public affairs. In the free exercise of this right, they have elected you to be Governor of this Commonwealth, and thereby given to you, and the world, new proof of their approbation of your past conduct, and of their confidence in

your continued exertions for their happiness. On this event we beg your Excellency to accept our congratulations.

We join with you in sentiment, that the present period is critical. It is a period in the affairs of our country in which we cannot but consider the most disinterested union and exertions of all her friends peculiarly important.

While the government of the union have justly considered the United States as a neutral power, and while from the strict observance of such neutrality towards the belligerent powers, we were entitled to all the rights of a neutral nation, it is painful to observe, that our commerce has been repeatedly interrupted, our property to a large amount seized

and



and condemned, our Flag insulted, and our seamen abused by some of the combined powers, especially the British Nation, in open violation of the laws of nations, and without any just provocation whatever.

Had the United States retaliated such conduct by immediate reprisals, such retaliation would have been justifiable by the laws and usages of nations; and the measures they have steadily pursued to preserve peace, and to prevent the further extension of the calamities of war, will convince the impartial part of mankind, that peace and good neighbourhood on honourable terms, are the sincere and constant wish of America.

But if the measures adopted to continue the blessings of peace shall not prove successful, and the United States must have recourse to arms to obtain satisfaction for the injuries done them, we have the fullest confidence, that the people of this state will heartily unite with their brethren of the other states, in a cause so just and important. In the mean time we conceive it will be prudent and highly expedient to make all necessary preparation for such an event.

The communications your Excellency has made to us shall be attended to; and we shall endeavour seasonably to lay before you all such matters, as by the constitution must receive your approbation, and to render your administration easy to yourself, and beneficial to the Commonwealth.

*ANSWER of the HOUSE to His EXCEL-  
LENCY'S SPEECH.*

THE Committee on the Governor's Speech delivered at the opening of the session, reported the following answer, which was unanimously accepted, and ordered to be presented.

*May it please your Excellency,*

WHILE the House of Representatives have reason to felicitate their constituents on the continuance of the invaluable blessings of being governed by men, elected among themselves, by their free and annual suffrages, they feel a peculiar satisfaction in finding this act of their sovereignty so generally exercised in the choice of their present Chief Magistrate. It is at once a proof of the love they bear to their country, and of their attachment to those who have devoted themselves to her service: And the repeated suffrages of the people of Massachusetts, in bestowing their first

places of honour and emolument on those who early adopted and never deserted their cause, must convince the world, that ingratitude is not the characteristic of Democratic Republics; while they will serve as an encouragement to men of virtue, ability, and integrity, to follow the bright example of the American patriots. Under the influence of such examples, in furtherance of our duty, we assure your Excellency that we will endeavour faithfully on our part to watch and guard the interests, liberties, and sovereignty of the Commonwealth, that they suffer no diminution.

We consider the present war in Europe as a war of principles, a combination of Kings and Nobles, temporal and spiritual, against the equal rights of men, civil and religious. However the existence of Freedom in America, in such a critical contest, may be thought to depend on the ultimate success of the French arms, and however the private wishes of our citizens may have been felt for the triumph of liberty, yet such has been the conduct, both of the government and people of the United States towards the combined powers, that the legitimate interests of all and each of them have been sacredly regarded and equally protected. This ought to have secured to us the rights of neutrality. But we have seen with a mixture of regret and indignation, these rights wantonly invaded on the part of Great Britain: She has insulted our flag, she has interrupted our lawful commerce, she has captured and condemned the property of our merchants, she has impressed our seamen into her service, and in fine, she has invaded our territory. To our complaints for the injuries, her ministers have answered with indifference if not with contempt. It was a crisis like this, which the people of the United States contemplated, when they formed their union; that the liberties, interests, and honour of the whole may be preserved and vindicated against foreign insult and invasion by the federal arm. On the strength of this arm under divine Providence, we must rely. In the wisdom of that government we must confide. And we hope and trust that their measures have been such, as shall procure to our citizens indemnity for the injuries they have received, and security for the future exercise of the rights of neutrality. For although the preservation of peace, on safe and honourable terms, is the first wish  
of

of our hearts, yet we cannot but highly approve of every energetic measure that has been adopted by the government of the United States in vindication of our violated rights, and for the immediate defence of our common country. That in case the measures pursuing under the wisdom of that government for the continuance of peace should fail of the success they hope, and have a right to expect, we may be prepared for the last resort of nations. And we confidently trust, that should that unfortunate alternative happen, the people of Massachusetts will meet its calamities with that unanimity and fortitude which becomes freemen; and when called will be found ready, with their lives and fortunes, to support the rights, interests and honour of the confederated Republics.

To the several important subjects, referred to your Excellency's communications, the House of Representatives will pay the earliest and most vigilant attention.

#### APPOINTMENTS, &c.

The President of the United States, at the instance of the National Convention of France has recalled Mr. Morris; and Mr. Monroe, a Senator of the United States for Virginia, succeeds him.—Mr. Carmichael is also recalled from Spain, and is to be succeeded by Mr. Short, Resident Minister at the Hague.—And John Quincy Adams, Esq. of Boston, son of the Vice President, is to go to the Hague in the room of Mr. Short.

#### INDIAN TREATY.

Nineteen Cherokee Chiefs have arrived at Charleston (S. C.) from the Cherokee country, by the way of Columbia. They were chosen by the free suffrages of the nation assembled, and are delegated by it to conclude a lasting peace with the United States, for which purpose they have sailed for Philadelphia, to treat with the President of the United States on that important mission.

#### CIRCUIT COURT.

Collins, Poleski, and Fastidi, have had their trial for murder and piracy, and the jury have brought in their verdict—Guilty. Their execution is ordered for Wednesday the 30th of July next.

#### TRIAL for BURGLARY.

Henry Tufts, late a resident in Marblehead, has been convicted of Burglary, at a late session of the S. J. Court, at Ipswich;

received sentence of death, and is to be executed on Thursday the 14th of August.

#### MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. William Ellison, jun. to Miss Polly Jackson; Mr. Asa Hammond to Miss Sally Dawes; Capt. Benjamin Wheelright to Miss Rebecca Gardner; Mr. Edward Cushing to Mary Goodale; Mr. Ebenezer White to Miss Polly Barber; Mr. Atherton Peniman to Miss Abigail Butterfield; Deacon Ephraim Frost to Miss Boylston; Mr. John Amory to Miss Gardner; Mr. William Bordman, jun. to Miss Lydia Osborne; Capt. Robert Davis Coolidge to Miss Sukekey Davis.

*Charlestown*, Dr. Jonathan Fay to Miss Sally Putnam.

*Falmouth*, Mr. John C. Hall to Miss Polly Nickles.

*Hardwick*, Mr. Peter Wilden to Miss Polly Wheeler.

*Haverhill*, Mr. David Morse to Miss Ruth Johnson.

*Nantucket*, Capt. Andrew Sigourney to Miss Sally Barber.

*Newton*, Mr. Robert Fuller, jun. to Miss Anna Bixby.

*Sterling*, Mr. Asa Howe, jun. to Miss Hannah Whitteker.

*Warwick*, Col. Benjamin Hoppin to Mrs. Mary Whitney.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Providence*, Mr. Jonathan Gladdin to Miss Cynthia Sweet.

#### DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. John Durant, 73; Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Enslin, 38; Mr. Joseph Clark, 44; Mrs. Abigail Sumner, 58; Mr. Thomas Power, 28; Harbottle Dorr, Esq. 64; Mr. William Skimming, 33; Mrs. Elizabeth English; Mrs. Elizabeth Underwood, 57.

*Barnstable*, Mrs. Hannah Herfy, 64.

*Billerica*, Mrs. Mehitable Blanchard.

*Cambridge*, Rev. Edward Wigglesworth, D. D. 63.

*Dover*, Col. Jonathan Rawson, 35.

*Concord*, Mrs. Abigail Cuming, 56.

*Grafton*, Mrs. Martha Willard, 100.

*Kingston*, Mrs. Mary Holmes, 28.

*Franklin*, Dr. Samuel H. Barker, 30.

*Gloucester*, Miss Eliza Manning, 24.

*Haverhill*, Miss Sally Perkins, 24.

*Portsmouth*, Mr. Caleb Currier, 30.

*Plymouth*, Mrs. Jane Dogget, 26; Mrs. Sarah Bartlett, 23; Mr. James Doten, jun.

*Salem*, Miss Polly Slewman, 21.

*Taunton*, Miss Sally Vickery, 15.